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Choice Poetry.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not tell?
Let not thy heart forsake thee; but remember
His pitying eye, who sees and knows it well.
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil oft prevails?
Oh think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hopes, when earthly refuge fails—
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin? thy deed of shame concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see,
Then walk in pride without one sigh revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?
God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed and poor and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And well-nigh crushed; no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid?"
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? are thy tear-drops flowing
For one too early lost to earth and thee?
The depths of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moan in secret, like the moaning sea?
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
There's One who sees the end from the beginning;
Thy tear of penitence is unforgot.
God knows it all!

Then go to God. Pour out your hearts before Him;
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.
God knows it all—God knows it all!

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

MAUD AND HER MOTHER.

Thou must have been most lovely from thy birth—
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child!
I question not of one who left this earth,
Whose death was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory.

In the meantime, at the Silver Creek Farm-house, little Maud lay very ill. Ellen, on returning from Howlet Hall, had found her in a fever, and had sent off to the Summit for a doctor. Her illness was pronounced to be a congestive fever, threatening the brain. And all the family vied with each other in devoted, though profoundly quiet attentions to the gentle little patient. Ellen watched by her bedside day and night, scarcely allowing herself an hour's needful rest in the twenty-four. Old Abishag forgot to swear, and prayed instead. And Falconer learned a lighter step and softer voice when he entered her sick room.

And Maud, in her fevered dreams, babbled constantly of a beautiful lady, that led her by the hand through green and shady woods and lawns, and who gave her cold, sparkling water from the fountains when she was thirsty, and sat down and took her upon her lap, and laid her little head upon her soft bosom when she was exhausted. And sometimes this lady was her mother, come from heaven to visit her—and sometimes she was Mrs. Hunter, whose portrait hung above the mantel-piece at Howlet Hall. As Ellen watched, alone, beside her, in the darkness of the night, and saw her stretch her feeble arms, and her countenance irradiate with joy, to welcome the vision of the sweet lady—so *real* seemed this vision to the sick child, that Ellen covered with awe, and crossed herself, and uttered the Ave Maria, for she thought it was an apparition of the blessed Madonna.

And Falconer, when he heard the child babbling in the daytime of the lovely lady's smiles and tones—understood her visions—but somehow, even to him, they were invested with a sacred mystery that awed him into silence. Therefore he never spoke of her previous dreams to his mother.

At last the crisis of Maud's illness passed. The fever waned, and with it faded the bright vision of the lady. And Maud's thoughts returned to healthful, ordinary life.

Mr. Bill Ipsy came over to see the little convalescent, and brought her some oranges and some fine apples, and sat by her bed and told her of the beautiful new church that was all ready for dedication at Easter, and the new Sunday-school that was to be opened the same day. He himself was to be the superintendent, he said; and Mrs. Daniel Hunter and Mrs. Lovel, the pretty wife of the young minister, and one or two other ladies of the county, were to be the teachers of the classes.

Maud listened with lively interest, and in her eagerness to ask and hear more, sat up in bed, exclaiming, occasionally,

"Oh! I wish I might go—I wish I might go!" And then—"But never mind! Ellen and Falconer can go and see the dedication, and Falconer can go to the Sunday-school, too, if he wishes—I think he is too far advanced for a pupil, but he might be a teacher for the smallest ones."

And the light shone so brightly in her eyes, and the color flushed so warmly in her cheeks, that Ellen feared the effect of the excitement upon her, and therefore called Mr. Ipsy into the parlor, where she had the tea-table prepared.

After this visit little Maud improved in health rapidly. She was very anxious to go and see the church dedicated, and could talk of nothing else.

Falconer had also set his mind upon seeing this solemnity—for it was in fact a very great event in a secluded country neighborhood.

Ellen heard all this conversation between the children with uneasiness. Ellen was a Catholic—although not a bigoted one—for, although her father had been of the same sect, her mother and many of her near relations were Episcopalians. And because she was a Catholic, Ellen made some little opposition to the children's wishes. And because she was not bigoted, her opposition was finally withdrawn.

On Thursday before Easter, Maud sat up, for the first time since her illness. On Friday she came into the parlor, and on Saturday she went out into the little yard before the cottage, and cleared the last winter's dry leaves from around the roots of the budding hyacinths, jonquils and daffodils—and even scrambled down the rocks to the edge of the creek, to watch the young trout gliding through the water, and sometimes flashing above its surface. So much better was Maud that day, and so anxious was she to go and see the dedication of the church, that Falconer set to work to persuade his mother to allow her to do so.

He said—Sylvia had never seen anything like that before, and never would have another chance. That he could gear up the little donkey-cart, and fix an easy seat in it for Sylvia—and that when he got her to church, he could put her in a pew in the corner where she could lean back and rest.

And Maud's pleading eyes silently joined in the entreaty.

And Ellen, easily overruled by her children, at last assented.

Easter Sunday dawned—a lovely Spring day, the morning sparkling in sun-lit showers, that soon cleared off, leaving Nature all the brighter and fresher, with rain-drops glistening on every green tree and bush and blooming flower. They had an early breakfast, and set off soon after sunrise. Ellen, Falconer and Maud in the cart, and Big Len driving, and old Abishag and Aunt Moll both seated on the plough horse, riding behind. If you had seen them, you would have wondered at the strength of that steed's back-bone, that it did not snap under the double weight—especially as great, fat Aunt Moll weighed, I am afraid to say how many stone. Last of all, Little Len brought up the rear, walking. The house was left to take care of itself; for, of course, everybody must go to see the solemnity never seen by them before, and never to be seen again. All were in their Sunday's best.

Old Abishag's black satin bonnet fairly glistened in the brightness of the morning light. Aunt Abishag evidently thought she would be doing great honor to the parish, by being present at the ceremony of dedication—an honor which she felt conscientiously constrained to qualify, by asserting that "for all that she didn't b'lieve in Positive Pistolly Church any more than she did in any other; she b'lieved in the Methody deciety *herself*."

It was a beautiful road, through a long, narrow, wooded valley, between two lofty ridges of mountains, for about two miles, and then an easy, circuitous ascent to the fine table-land of the Summit—a beautiful village, commanding a most magnificent prospect of the whole surrounding country. In the midst of it all stood the new church—a fine Gothic edifice of red sandstone, with its tall spire pointing to the heavens, and relieved against the dark blue sky. The village was full of strangers, and the space around the church-yard encumbered by carriages, donkey carts, saddle-horses, mules, and every possible description of "conveyance," and more were continually arriving. Ellen pointed out to Falconer the plain, dark-brown family carriage of Daniel Hunter, but it was empty—the family were already in church.

And little Maud was so tired, that she was lifted out of the cart, and led in between Ellen and Falconer.

Mr. Bill Ipsy happened to be near the door, and to spy his favorites, and he immediately got up and conducted them to a pew in the upper end of the church, on the left hand side of the pulpit. They gave Maud the corner seat, and she sat back and rested herself. She was very pale with fatigue.

The church was two-thirds filled, and the people were still pouring quietly in at the two doors, and slowly filing off to their seats.

Opposite to our party, on the right hand side of the pulpit, in the front pew, sat Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Miss Letty, Honoria, and Mrs. Lovel. Daniel Hunter and Augusta sat rather under the shadow of the pulpit, but Miss Honoria and Mrs. Lovel were in full view. Falconer stooped down to indicate them to his sister.

"Where is Mrs. Hunter?" whispered Maud.

"You cannot see her—she sits in the upper end of the pew, and the pulpit hides her."

Maud turned her head, looked, and found she could not, and feared she was rude, and fell back in her corner again.

Soon, however, Falconer stooped to whisper—he was a boy, and could not help it.

"You see that pretty, fair-skinned, blue-eyed lady, in the white crape bonnet, and white lace scarf?"

Maud nodded, to avoid whispering.

"Well, that is Mrs. Lovel, the minister's bride."

Maud looked as if she thought the bride very pretty. Falconer went on.

"And that dainty, tossy little lady next to her—stop, you can't see her well from where you sit—she is Miss Honoria Hunter, the only child and heiress of—"

Falconer stopped abruptly, for Maud had laid her hand meaningly on his arm, and so called his attention to what was passing around them. The church was suddenly still. The bishop and his attendants were coming up the central aisle. They reached the enclosure around the altar, and entered; and, with reverent step and slow, ascended the pulpit. And after a pause, and a silent prayer, the reverend prelate proceeded to commence the solemn ceremonies of the day.

I will spare you the description of a rite with which all are familiar. The ensuing sermon was preached by the young pastor, from a text well chosen for the occasion:—"The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, worship the Father.

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth—for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

The discourse was earnest, fervent and impressive. The minister possessed that rare quality of at once satisfying the educated intellect of learned men, and the simple minds of the ignorant and the little children. Mr. Lovel at once found favor in the eyes of great and small. And at the close of the services, many of the congregation pressed around Daniel Hunter to obtain an introduction to the bishop, and to the young pastor.

Ellen and her little party modestly hung back until the press of the crowd was past, before they left their pew.

Maud watched to catch a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. The form of the great statesman was prominent enough above the crowd, and Maud's shy gaze was full of awe. But the sweet lady that hung upon his arm had her face turned away, and partially shaded by the ample fall of a black lace-veil. Maud could not see her countenance, and with an unconscious sigh of disappointment, the little girl suffered herself to be led out by Falconer.

Ellen would willingly have stopped to speak to Mrs. Hunter, and to touch Honoria's hand again—but the lady was surrounded by a circle through which Ellen did not feel inclined to break.

So the little family passed out, re-entered their donkey-cart—and followed as before by old Abishag and Aunt Moll on the plough-horse, and Little Len on foot, took up their line of march homeward.

As they went onward, Falconer was enthusiastic in his praises of the young pastor—calling on his mother and Maud and the colored folks, to bear him witness in his panegyrics.

Maud said she loved the good minister.

Ellen admitted that she had never heard a better sermon—but regretted that the talents of the young man should be lost, and worse than lost to the *true* church—what a priest he would have made!

And old Abishag whipped up her horse and came along side of the cart to say,

"It wa'n't no use—that young man wus too good fer a Positive Pistolly—he ought to 'a been a Methody—" and *checked* herself when about to seal her asseveration with an oath.

And Maud thought *what remained unsaid*—was the best compliment yet to the preacher.

They reached home to a late dinner, and spent all the afternoon in talking of the new church, the preacher, the congregation, and the Sunday-school.

In the course of the next week, Mr. Ipsy called at the cottage to know if the children were not to be allowed to go to Sunday-school. The children were very anxious to go—and their entreaties joined to Mr. Ipsy's arguments, and Ellen's secret inclination to oblige Mrs. Hunter, prevailed over her scruples, and she consented, saying to herself, (though she afterwards confessed it as a sin,) that there was no other church or school in the neighborhood—that the Protestant Church was better than none at all, and that the sect which had produced Mrs. Hunter, could not be so very far wrong.

So the next Sunday, very early in the morning, Falconer and Maud got ready, ate a slight hasty breakfast, and set out together to walk to the Summit. By the foot-path the distance was short. It was a lovely May morning, and Falconer and Maud had a delightful walk. They reached the Summit, and entered the church. The sexton conducted them up stairs into the spacious gallery, in which the Sunday-school was kept. Here dispersed about in the gallery pews were about a half dozen teachers, each with some eight or twelve pupils, collected around her. Among the teachers were Mrs. Daniel Hunter and Mrs. Lovel.

Mrs. Hunter had a large sized square pew beside the great organ. There were about a dozen little girls around her. The black lace-veil was thrown back, and the lady's beautiful face was unshaded, save by the drooping black ringlets.

Mr. Ipsy, as superintendent, stood before a large desk in the corner, doing something with a pen and ink, and lightly kicking his neat boot toes together, and twinkling his eyes and eyebrows, and every little while sticking the pen behind his ear, and, and flying off at a tangent to hand a book to some pupil, or to speak a word to some teacher.

Our girl and boy were evidently rather late. The morning prayers were over, and the exercises of the school commenced. So Mr. Ipsy told them, when Falconer walked up to his desk, made his bow, and presented his little sister. Nevertheless, Mr. Ipsy took a New Testament out of his desk, and opened it and handed it to Maud, and told her to read for him, that he might test her abilities, and know in what class to place her.

Maud read well and fluently, though in a low voice, and with a blushing cheek. And Mr. Ipsy was satisfied, and took the book from her hands, and said he must put her in Miss Spooner's Testament class.

"But, if you please, sir, I want to go in *that* lady's class," said Maud, timidly, indicating Mrs. Daniel Hunter.

Mr. Ipsy's eyebrows flew up in surprise, then puckered down in a frown.

"What, what, what; what do you say? What lady?" he asked, quickly and nervously.

"Mrs. Hunter, sir, if you please."

"Eh? What? My conscious! Little girls are not to choose what class they are to go into!"

"But, sir, if you please, I came here to go into Mrs. Hunter's class," persisted Maud, gently, letting her eyes linger on the form of the lady.

"Oh! pooh, pooh, pooh! tut, tut, tut! Mrs. Daniel Hunter cannot be plagued with you! Come, come! Let's go to Miss Spooner's class," said Mr. Ipsy, his eyebrows executing the most incredible fandangoes, as he surveyed the little girl from head to foot.

The fact was, Mr. Ipsy did not think Maud quite "genteel" enough to be put near Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Ipsy, in distributing the pupils among the teachers, had acted solely upon his own responsibility. And he had thought he was exercising the very soundest discretion in selecting the prettiest and best dressed children for Mrs. Hunter's class. And it was with perfect satisfaction that he now surveyed the lady seated—by his management—in a bevy of white robed little fairies. And it was with much irritation that he heard little Maud urge her petition to be put in "that lady's class—" Maud, still in her winter's dress, a gown of dark brown stuff, and a hood of dark blue silk. It is true that the face within that hood, was a face of heavenly beauty—and the long, glorious ringlets that hung down to her waist, was a richer, rarer mantle than any in the school—but still that was only nature's adornment, and would not prevent Maud's dark winter garment making a discord in the cloud of white muslin, lace, and artificial flowers, with which he had taken care to surround Mrs. Hunter. So Mr. Ipsy's eyebrows fairly danced a jig while he gazed at the child and pooh-poohed her wishes off, and said she must go to Miss Spooner's class. But Maud's eyes were beseechingly fixed upon Mrs. Hunter, and she said once more,

"Pray, sir, do let me go into Mrs. Hunter's class, and I will learn so well."

It happened that those words caught Mrs. Hunter's ear, and she looked up, saw the child, and beckoned Mr. Ipsy. Mr. Ipsy sprang to her bidding "like Xyphia's to his aim."

"What is it, Mr. Ipsy?" she asked.

"Why, madam, that little troublesome child has taken a fancy to go into your class, and no other. Really it is very natural that she should feel this preference, which, I fancy, is shared by all the pupils in the school—they would all, doubtless, prefer the honor of Mrs. Hunter's invaluable instructions, but, really, all cannot have it."

"But since this little one alone asks it, is it not fair to presume that she alone desires to be in my class? And why may she not come?"

"Madam—a—your complement is filled up."

"I can take another. I will take *her* with pleasure, Mr. Ipsy."

"But, madam, really—this little girl—I—" He paused in embarrassment.

Mrs. Hunter relieved him by saying,

"You are the superintendent of the school, Mr. Ipsy, and if you see a proper cause to refuse my request, I withdraw it of course—deferring to your—position."

"Madam—Mrs. Hunter—most certainly it is I who am honored in submitting to your better judgment. I will go and bring the little girl to you," said Mr. Ipsy, dancing back to Maud, to whom he glibly said, "Mrs. Hunter is so good as to say she will take you, Miss."

"Oh! I *knew* she would. I *knew* she would," said the child to herself, with a look of earnest, deep thanksgiving.

And Mr. Ipsy took her hand and led her up to the pew door. Mrs. Hunter was bending over a book with one of her pupils.

"Here is your new pupil, madam," said the superintendent.

And Mrs. Hunter lifted up her beautiful countenance and looked upon the little girl.

And the long severed mother and child were face to face.

Their eyes met. Maud dropped hers as in the presence of some holy angel, and the lady, as she gazed upon the supernal beauty of the child, felt a thrill pass through her heart. She took the little one by the hand—there was a comfort in clasping that soft little hand in her own—she drew the child in, and placed her beside her. The delicate white muslin on the other side shrunk away from the contact of the brown stuff—but the lady looked sweetly down upon the little girl, and still clasping her small hand, asked gently,

"What is your name, love?"

"Sylvia Grove," answered the child.

"Oh, I remember that name. You are Mrs. O'Leary's little girl?"

"Yes, ma'am, but not her daughter—my dear mother was lost at sea—but she is good to me as she can be, and I love her dearly."

The eyes of the lady lingered upon the sweet, grave face of the child. She felt strange interest in her words—she would fain have asked her, "Do you remember your lost mother, love?"—her thoughts formed the question—but that was not the time or place for conversation irrelevant to the purpose that brought them together.

And, moreover, Mr. Bill Ipsy, who had fluttered away to his desk, now fluttered back with the Mrs. Hunter's class register, to which had been added at the bottom of the list, the name of "Sylvia Grove." He handed the register to the lady, and placed in the hands of Maud a new Testament and a hymn book, and bowed and gyrated off in some other direction.

Now, if anybody objects to such fandangoes in the superintendent of a Sunday-school, I have to assure such a caviller that it was only a constitutional, nervous excitement, purely physical, quite unaffected, and which, I think, he could not help, for I knew Mr. Bill Ipsy intimately, and, barring a little too much deference to rank, and youth and beauty, I never knew a better man.

Mrs. Hunter took the Testament and hymn book from the hands of Maud, and saying,

"You are too late to learn any lessons this morning, love, it is half-past ten o'clock, and they are about to dismiss the school, so I can only set you lessons to be learned for the next Sabbath—" she marked the second chapter of Matthew, and gave it to the little girl, asking, "Do you think you can commit all this to memory by next Sabbath, love?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I will learn it well by heart for next Sunday."

They said no more then, for at that moment the young minister appeared in front of the rails, before the organ, to close the exercises of the school. In an instant all were silent. A short exhortation, a prayer, a hymn, and the benediction followed, and then the children were dismissed. The pupils, who had neither parents nor guardians with pews below stairs, remained in the gallery, under the charge of the superintendent.

Mrs. Hunter arose to go.

"Have you a seat down stairs, love?" she inquired of Maud, who had lingered behind all her classmates.

"Yes, ma'am, Falconer will take me to it."

"Why do you stop then, little one?"

"I wanted to stay as long as you did, ma'am."

"Well, I am going now, love, so good-bye," said Mrs. Hunter, pressing the little soft hand; but Maud's face was raised to hers with a look of such wistful, trusting love and veneration, that the lady suddenly stooped down and kissed her—once—twice—again—she could not help it! She pressed the child to her bosom, and then with slow self-recollection, released her, saying—"Good-bye, love. You are a sweet, sweet child. I know you are a good child. Good-bye, love," and dismissed her.

It was well that the lady and the child had been alone—it was well that all the little gossamer girls were gone to their mammas—and that there were none to see and wonder at that fondness, and accuse their teacher of "showing favor."

Maud left the pew with her hands unconsciously folded over her bosom, as if to keep safe some sweet, sacred happiness deposited there.

Falconer was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

"They have put me in the first Bible class—in Mr. Lovel's own class," he said, and asked—"Don't you think, Sylvia, that our minister is a very hard working man?—to preach twice Sunday, and teach a Bible class besides? What are you thinking of, little chicken? Why don't you answer me?"

"What did you say, Falconer?"

"Don't you think Mr. Lovel a very devoted, hard-working minister, to attend to the church and the Sunday-school both?"

"I don't know whether that is hard work or not, but I know he is a good man, and I like him," said Maud, in a low voice.

This conversation brought them into the church, and as Ellen was not with them, they found an humble seat at the low end of the building. Maud was in a blessed reverie—the lady's kisses and embraces had made her so happy—it seemed to her as if her dreams were coming true—as if the angel of her visions was embodied before her. On their walk home she said nothing about it to Falconer—when they reached the cottage, she said nothing of it to Ellen—she never meant to name it to a living soul. An instinctive silence closed her lips. She could not have explained *why*, but, in truth, it seemed a joy to be treasured—not talked about. And all that week all her thoughts were occupied in looking forward to and preparing for the next Sunday.

In the course of the week Daniel Hunter paid Ellen a visit, to make known to her the important discovery communicated to himself by the bishop. Never, in the course of his life, perhaps, had a more painful duty devolved upon the great politician. But Daniel Hunter discharged it most worthily. The revelation did not surprise Ellen the least—it agitated her dreadfully, as all allusion to that darkest tragedy ever did. When Mr. Hunter had imparted all that he knew of that most deplorable matter, Ellen replied,

"We always knew Willie's innocence, sir, and we always hoped it would be found out. He was a martyr, sir—his death was a ghastly legal murder. Sir, I have heard it taught that a consciousness of innocence would bear one up through persecution and death. I know not how that can be, for it was his consciousness of innocence that made his death so very bitter to him—it was our faith in his innocence that made his death so very bitter to us—for with him and us, the galling sense of injustice was added to all the other suffering. I know not how much guilt may add to sorrow, for I am not in the confidence of guilty breasts."

Daniel Hunter was standing with his fine head uncovered before her. He took her hand respectfully, and said,

"Mrs. O'Leary, you must not look upon me as the executioner of your husband—a young man whom I found ordered for death the day upon which I came into office. With the law and the testimony before me, I could not interfere to save him. How much I regretted my inability *then*—how much more I regret it *now*, is known only to God. We will not talk of the past! 'It comes not back again.' We will talk of the future. Ellen! I desire to make reparation as far as I can for what you have suffered. You have a fine boy—will you allow me to educate him—to send him to college, and establish him in business or a profession?" He paused for her answer.

But Ellen withdrew her hand, and covered up her face and wept.

He waited patiently until she wiped her eyes, and lifted up her face and replied,

"Sir, I am disposed to be grateful to you, and to accept your kind offers for my son, but compunction struggles against gratitude, sir. I do not know whether it is right to feel grateful—whether it is right to take any favor from you—whether it would not be treason to him who is gone—and whether, indeed, your patronage would not be like the high priest's thirty pieces of silver—the price of blood—unblessing and unblessed! Sir, I seldom speak so plainly, but to-day I cannot help it."

"Mrs. O'Leary, I am neither surprised nor displeased that you should speak so. I will leave you for the present. When you have had time to reflect, and, above all, to pray, you will probably view this matter with clearer mental vision. And remember that my offer holds good from this time forth. I will bid you good morning."

His noble face was full of sorrow as he pressed her hand, and turned to leave the house.

In the flower-yard stood Maud gathering a bunch of flowers. The child recognized the great man, and looked up into his majestic, grief-struck countenance with feelings of blended wonder, compassion and awe—in a moment after, she stepped up to him, and silently offered her flowers, with a manner so simple, so child-like, yet so profoundly deferential.

He looked down at her, and the cloud slowly passed from his face; he, a lover of all children, saw in this child's beautiful countenance something that touched the profoundest depths of his heart. Notwithstanding the difference in complexion, Maud was what her mother had been when Daniel Hunter first met her on the boat, only Maud was far more beautiful, more heavenly—a sort of little Augusta idealized, transfigured, made an angel of—or what the spiritual body of little Augusta might have been. He took her offered flowers with one hand, and laid the other hand benignly on her head, while he gazed into those half-veiled, starry eyes.—And then, with a sudden impulse, he sat down on a rustic seat, and drew her up to his breast.

In the strength of her father's hand, in the gaze of his eyes, she felt, without knowing it, the mighty, the irresistible attraction of nature; self-forgetful, she suddenly buried her head in his bosom, and clasped both arms around his neck, in the strong, vital, thrilling clasp of new-born, deathless love!

And to him it was a revelation; not that he understood it fully; but it was so different from Honoria's formal, lifeless embrace. This was the real, living, involuntary proof of affection, that his heart had hungered for in vain. But he wondered why she gave it, and why it did not surprise him. "It is because I love children so much, and children have an intuitive knowledge of those who sincerely love them," he said, to himself. And most tenderly, when the little girl's arms relaxed their clinging clasp, most tenderly he caressed her, murmuring, at intervals,—"What a loving, loving child! What a heart she has!—what a simple, loving, trustful heart! Every one must love her! Does not every one love you, darling?"

He might have sat there an hour talking to and caressing the child, had not Ellen come out into the yard.

"You have a very sweet little girl here, Mrs. O'Leary," he said, as he gave Maud a parting kiss, and set her off his knees, and got up to go.

"It is Sylvia Grove, an orphan, a distant relative of my poor Willie's, sir," said Ellen.

"I hope you will think of the plan I proposed to you, Mrs. O'Leary; and I should be glad if you would permit me to be of service to this little girl, also," said Mr. Hunter, as he got into his saddle.

"I will think of it, sir."

"Good-morning, madam! Good-bye, dear little Sylvia!" said Daniel Hunter, as he rode away.

"Oh, he took the flowers with him!—he took the flowers with him!" murmured Maud, in a low voice to herself.

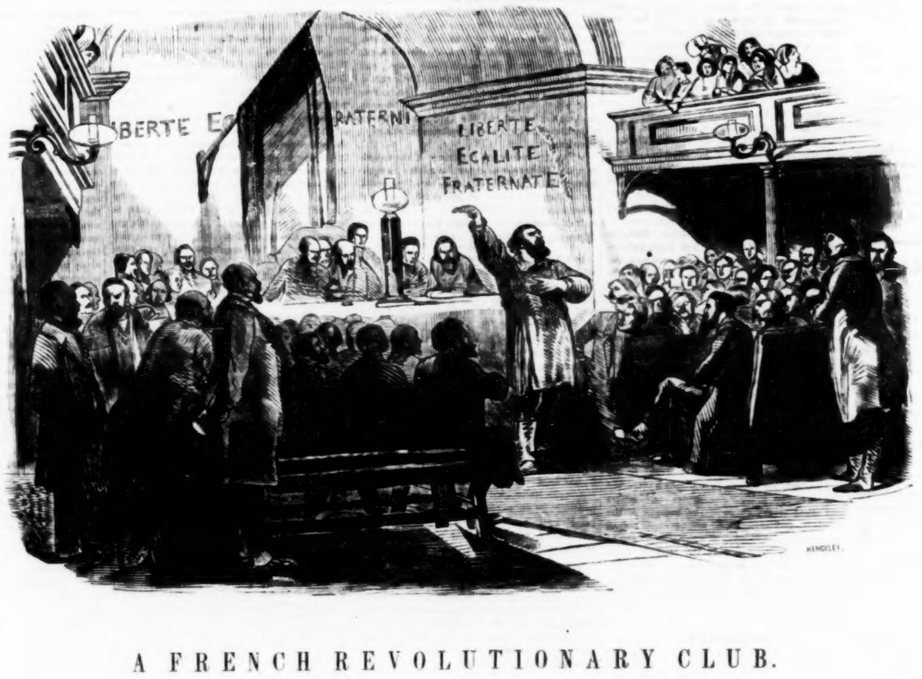
"What flowers, Sylvia?"

"The flowers I gave him, Ellen."

"Yes, you little imp, you!" exclaimed old Abishag, coming up, "and de werry nex' time I catches of you bein' so forrard to offer flowers to a big bug like Marse Donnel Hunter, I—I'll tell Mr. Bill Ipsy! Dar!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.



A FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY CLUB.

The above is a view of one of the Paris Clubs—such as existed during the Provisional Government in 1848. The scene shows the room in which the members were accustomed to meet. A workman in a blouse is addressing them. In the galleries are seated the women of the assembly. The tri-colored flag hangs in the centre, beneath the Republican motto, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite." The scene is one of order and quiet, becoming a deliberative assembly.

QUINCY GRANITE.—The King's Chapel was the first building erected in Boston of Quincy granite, and the blocks were taken from the surface of the ground. When the edifice was partly finished the building committee reported to the parish, "That it was doubtful whether there was sufficient granite in the town of Quincy to complete the structure." This report was made a hundred and six years ago.

During the past thirty years immense quantities of Quincy stone have been used for building purposes in various sections of the country, and scarcely a visible impression has yet been made upon the vast beds of granite in that town. If recent improvements made in the construction of machines for drilling holes in ledges are found to be of practical utility, a great impetus will be given to the erection of granite buildings, as a large saving will be made in the cost of the stone prepared for edifices.—*Boston Transcript.*

Selected Sketch.

"FANNY FERN."

"*Who is 'Fanny Fern?'*" is the question in every circle where her name has been heard. That the name is a *nom de plume*, all agree. She writes behind a curtain. But the very mystery which wraps this new candidate for public favor whose fame has gone up like a rocket, but not like that to die out, lingering a fixed star of the the first magnitude in the literary firmament, gives everything relating to her history, real name or whereabouts, a most intense interest. At the watering places, on steamboat or car, the fashionable circle, or where warm and true hearts gather in the far distant country home, that inquiry is put with undiminished eagerness. The calculating business man in his evening gown and slippers; the bejeweled lady who floats a worthless bubble on the tide of wealth; the old bachelor and maid who turn from gray hairs and wrinkles, and live and love in the past; the laborer at his humble fireside—all listen to the faintest whispering of these wonderous "Fern Leaves," and wonder who she is. The drawling miss who gormandizes upon yellow-covered trash, tosses the last one upon the table to read "Fanny." The poor washer-woman even, turns from her toil to weep over those thrillingly condensed pictures of wrong and heroic suffering among the unfortunate lowly. All laugh and weep as humanity in sorrowing or ludicrous garb, sweeps with life-like reality before the eye, while oppression and wrong writhe transfixed with barbs, keen as Damascus blades and quivering to the feather in the victim, though sped by a female hand.

We are not enthusiastic. The first "Fern Leaves" which came rustling at our feet, gave out to us the wail of a spirit which had suffered. Our strong sympathies were aroused for one whose wierd pencil could bring such intense pictures of life's struggles before the eye in their startling reality. Scorning that literary sycophancy which ever heaps its fulsome tribute upon the altar of her fame, we can look back to the time when the corner stone was yet in the quarry, and ourself a friend of the daring unknown. As we learned her history and her worth, we learned to love her as we would a sister whose heart of truth and more than heroic struggling with difficulties, has triumphed, and single-handed, over them all.

The popular heart has its favorities. It does not always wait for critics to write "passable" on their deeds of fame. They arise, and by one common impulse crown those whom they love. The growling Cerebuses in the temple entrance may watch with dignified sternness the hesitating footsteps of ambitious pilgrims; but when the honest heart of the mass is touched by the fiery beat of a literary Peter the Hermit or half-inspired Joan of Arc, there is a responsive throb which at once places the bold and adventurous foot upon the pedestal which years of toil may never reach.

"You promise never to tell a living soul if we tell you who is 'Fanny Fern.'"

"No, never will, as true as we live—never in this world! Do tell us right off—oh, *do*. When did you see her?"

We'll tell you. A few weeks ago we were travelling between Utica and Rome. Stopping at the latter place——

"You saw her on the cars, then?"

Don't interrupt us. At the latter place, a neat little picture of a woman come aboard and took her seat quietly ahead of us, with two children in company, and a tidy little satchel upon her arm. Her——

"It was Fanny, then?"

Her eyes were of a beautiful black, her features fresh and ruddy, and her form round and full, yet light and graceful in its symmetry. There was a lurking smile of mischief in her eyes, and her thin lips were as red as the peach. She was reading what appeared to be a letter with a beautiful little gold pencil in her tapered fingers, marking and dotting here and there as she read. A *lady (?)* sitting in the next seat leaned one side and looked over the fair stranger's shoulder and saw—"Fanny Fern!" at the bottom of the writing.

"Do tell!"

A fact. She whispered it to her next neighbor. The one behind overheard it, and with a buzz like the sweep of a wing, it went through the car. Some who heard, and had friends in the other cars, slipped out all breathless and reported the astounding intelligence, and the whole train was highly electrified. Folks *would* come in to the lucky car, and polite misses and old maids *would* stand up and stretch their necks, and grave men *would* walk carelessly forward and turn to see the veritable "Fanny." At the next station she got out, and in a twinkling the whole train was emptied. Young ladies stared and then took each other breathlessly by the arms, old matrons peered over their spectacles in mute astonishment, and portly men in pants levelled their finger-glasses with wonderful steadiness. With ourself full of laughter, we remained in our seat. Sure ourself and an Irishman, all had left. "And I will be after seeing the likes of her, too, for she is a swate woman, sure,"—and out went his huge brogans. The "divine Fanny" was evidently embarrassed, as well as indignant at the notoriety she had attracted, and her black eye flashed with anger as she retreated into the car.

"Smart as steel," remarked a gentleman in kids, "but a perfect fire piece, no doubt."

But the masses turned a deaf ear to these ungenerous words, and sided with "Fanny,"—and those who saw her will probably read her "Leaves" with a deeper interest, and be proud to tell their friends how they saw "Fanny Fern" herself!

"Well, there!—how I *should* like to have been there. Did you ask her her real name?"

"Did not."

"Why you said the woman saw her name on the letter!"

"Saw 'Fanny Fern!'"

"And did you not know her other name?"

"Did not."

"How do know it was Fanny?"

"The women said so."

"Oh, gracious Peter! you're real mean—so there! You said you would tell who she was, if we wouldn't tell."

"Well, we havn't told all we know yet!"

"Now that sounds more like it. We know you can tell us, and you must, we're dying to know all about it."

Here goes, then. A home of luxury, with every earthly comfort, and nothing which heart can ask, ever lacking. A husband who is the perfection of manhood in heart and form, and sweet children fill up the sum of unalloyed domestic happiness. There is not a cloud in the sky of the noble-hearted wife and mother.

• • • • •

A home of indigence and want. Death and misfortune have driven the unprotected ones out from their Eden, and every hope is crushed out of the aching heart. She clings to her children with a love which no shock can sever, and penniless and friendless, kneels over their forms while they are struggling with disease, and weeps and prays, with merciless *hunger tugging at her vitals!* God! how bitterly the storm of adversity has swept around the broken home. She who was bred in luxury, can be seen carrying her wood *with her own hands*, up *four pair of stairs*, and bending over her sewing until the midnight hours have fled by. Her heart can hope but little under such circumstances, and when those who once feasted upon the bounties of her better days, shun her as a stranger. She—tell of that with a tear for "Fanny"—went hungry that her children might not want for bread!

Can our fair friends dream of the suffering—the keen agony of those dark years of sorrow? And in that garret which was but a shelter over her head, the mother fought out the battle of life with the skeleton of starvation sitting at her hearth, and exhibited a heroism before which that of the greatest of earth's conquerors is but a phantom. Do we wonder that she lost faith in humanity—almost in God? Her wardrobe furnished nothing better than sixpenny calico, and she washed and dried her children's clothes while they slumbered! But we cannot linger where all is so dark—so very dark and cheerless. In her own touching language, "I bowed in despair, but as I thought of my children, *I sprung to my feet*, and vowed that they should have reason to be proud of their mother."

She turned to her pen. We need not follow her struggle, or speak of her triumph. Few men would have persisted in the face of such obstacles and discouragements as she found in her path. Some of them were almost fiendish in their deliberate cruelty. Through drenching storms she carried her articles to the press and fed upon the pittance she received for them. As she said when speaking of the matter, with the native fire of more than manly energy kindling in her eye, "I felt that I *would* succeed—and I DID succeed." She was determined to win her way alone, for her children's sake, and to show her independence of those who unnaturally turned away from her in her adversity. Her children *will* be proud of her, and her after life will be as prosperous and enviable, as much of her past has been sad and unhappy. Those who would then have seen her starve in the garret, now fawn like spaniels in the light of the "better day." She is the proud spirited and injured woman, and turns with scorn from their hollow adulations.

Fanny is in the morning of her fame. Her second series, and other works are in progress, will show her power to hold the position she has won. She cannot forget the darkness of the past, but is grateful for the brightness of the present. Long years of suffering have scarcely left an imprint graven upon her features. Her eyes are as mild as the blue depths of a summer sky, and a stranger would not dream that they had ever been the waste-gates of floods of unalloyed bitterness. Her voice is the harmonious language of love and truth, and her laughter has a liquid melody about it as musical as the brooklet's dash. It is catching, and comes leaping on the heels of some thought of pathos which has with wonderous ease, drawn out an answering tear upon the lid. She has a deep love of all that is pure, and beautiful, and good—a taste for that which is really refined, and a devotion of all that is of holiness and Heaven. She loves the *artistry* of nature, and perfectly hates all the false conventionalities of so-called fashionable society which freeze and destroy all the real soul warming friendships of life. She never yet underwent the infliction of a tea or fashionable party; in her own significant language, she does not "believe in affected nothings and two hours' talking at a mark." But she is not cold. Woman has not a heart of more friendly warmth and truth. She is true to her friends, and if *at home*, is as ready as a child to enjoy the real sunshine of life.

Such is "Fanny Fern"—the veritable, simon pure "Fanny," as she is behind the curtain of her *nom de plume*. What she is upon the stage, our readers know as well as we. They may rest assured that when they weep over some of her touching life-pictures, they may know that *her own true heart* has in its utmost core, suffered more than even *her* gifted pen can trace, and love her better, for she is all that a woman, wife and mother should be.

"But you havn't yet told the real name of 'Fanny!'"

"She's Mrs.——"

"Who?"

"*Mrs. 'Fanny Fern!'*"—*Cayuga Chief.*

READING WORKS OF THOUGHT.—It is wholesome and bracing for the mind to have its faculties kept on the stretch. Reading an essay of Bacon's, for instance, or a chapter of Aristotle or of Butler, if it be well and thoughtfully read, is much like climbing up a hill, and may do one the same sort of good. Set the tortoise to run against the hare—and, even if he does not overtake it, he will do more than he did previously, more than he would ever have thought himself capable of doing. Set the hare to run with the tortoise—he falls asleep.

MARTIN LUTHER'S WILL.—In the last will and testament of the great German Reformer, occurs the following remarkable passage: "Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach and preserve them as Thou hast me."

Selected Articles.

GONDOLAS.

Gondolas are as inseparable from our idea of Venice as flowers are from that of a garden. They are the most gliding, delicate and feminine of all the forms of transport that ever floated upon the waves. A clever French writer compares a gondola to a palm-leaf dropped upon the water, for it rests upon the water and not in it. Their draught is so light that they seem able to go—as a Western Captain said of his steamer—wherever there is a heavy dew. A row-boat walks through the water like a man of business trampling through the mud, but a gondola trips over it like a maiden over a ball-room floor.

They are from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and sharply curved at the stern and prow. The centre, which rests upon the water, is occupied by a sort of small cabin or tent, able to accommodate from two to four persons, covered by an awning, which may be entirely removed, or so arranged by blinds and curtains as wholly to conceal the persons within. Everything—the gondola, the awning, the morocco cushions of the cabin—is of solemn black; the result of a sumptuary law of the Republic, passed to restrain the emulous extravagance of the nobles. Only the foreign Ambassadors were allowed to flaunt in gay colors, a distinction which made them more easily watched by the jealous eyes of the State. This funeral livery, in combination with the noiseless and gliding movement, and in contrast with the gay hues around, adds to the effect produced upon the imagination. The gondola seems to have assumed that sable shroud in order to escape the glances of a suspicious and prying police, as the cuttle-fish darkens the water to baffle its pursuer. It is a figure in a mask and black domino, which quickens the curiosity and stirs the fancy. It is moving, probably, on the most common-place of errands—taking a traveller to his banker, or a lady to make a morning call—and yet it seems to be stealing toward some mysterious end, prompted by love, treason or revenge. The prow is fitted with a piece of glittering steel, which flashes in the sun like a diamond relieved upon black velvet.

The smaller gondolas have one rower, and the larger two. From the narrowness and intricacy of the canals, their many sudden turns, and the number of gondolas that navigate them, the rower must keep a sharp lookout in the direction in which his craft is moving. He thus stands up in rowing, and propels the gondola by pushing the oar from him instead of drawing it toward him. Where there is but one rower, his position is near the stern, and so elevated that he can look over the top of the awning. The upright stem against which the oar plays, has two or three row-locks, one above another, to accommodate the varying stature of different gondoliers, and to meet the necessity of using a longer or shorter lever, which so winding and changing a navigation demands. To ship the oar from one to another of these, while in rapid movement, requires a quick eye and a quick hand. Where there are two rowers, the stronger arm takes the stern oar. In the living days of the Republic, the rivalry of the patricians, limited to uniformity in the style and decorations of the gondola, displayed itself in the stature and beauty of the gondoliers. One was chosen for strength and vigor, and in the other, who stood gaily dressed upon the prow, youth and grace were the chief requisites. The rowing of the gondola brings every muscle into play, and is highly favorable to physical development, and among the gondoliers, figures are frequently to be met with which present the finest combination of strength and grace. Their forms, rapidly darting along, and relieved against the sky, often reminded me of a statue of Mercury waked to life.

The gondoliers are, or were divided into two parties or factions, the Castellani and the Nicolotti; the former wearing red bonnets and the latter black. It was a division founded upon locality, the Castellani occupying the Eastern part of the city, including St. Mark's, and the Nicolotti the Western; the Grand Canal being the separating line. The Castellani formed the aristocratic faction, and the Nicolotti the democratic. The doge, from his residence in St. Mark's Place, was held to belong to the Castellani, and the Nicolotti, by way of equivalent, always elected with great solemnity a mock doge of their own, who was called Gastaldo dei Nicolotti. He was an old and experienced gondolier, and on all state ceremonies appeared in gala costume, and had a conspicuous place assigned to him; but on ordinary occasions he plied his calling among his subjects. These divisions never led to anything more serious than a constant interchange of rough wit, and occasionally a general fight with fists. Venice, singular in so many other points, is also singular in never having been scourged by a civil war. The Government, confident of its own immense power, and always indulgent to the lower orders, encouraged this spirit of rivalry among the gondoliers, in order that, by the emulation, it awakened, the moral and physical energy of both parties might be kept up.

The gondoliers do not now sing the stanzas of Tasso, though the echoing canals of Venice seem made for vocal music. That it was ever anything like a general habit, may be well doubted. There has been, probably, a good deal of exaggeration on this point by poets and poetical travellers. The constant shouting of the gondoliers is sure to destroy the musical powers of the voice.—*Hillard.*

MODERN WARFARE.—The mechanical character of modern war is remarkable at Chobham. One consideration that must strike all visitors is the effectual death-blow there dealt to all those notions of personal heroism which, from the time of Homer downwards, have constituted the romance of war. Modern history has not neglected to point out this great change, but we who never see military revolutions on a great scale have some difficulty in realising the truth that even the shield of Achilles would now be no protection, that brigadiers and generals in command do not meet in hand-to-hand encounters, and that the days when individual prowess could earn distinction in the field are over. The camp will at least undeceive those to whose heated imaginations battles are a succession of single combats, such as we see fought at the Surry against desperate odds, for the sake of a distressed petticoat. Minie rifles extinguish warriorship, and we find in reality, as we have often been told, that an army is made up of soldiers as "solidly, regularly, and substantially, as a house is made up of bricks. In truth nothing can be conceived more cold, systematic, orderly and mechanical, than that gigantic power to which not only the rights and the interests, but even the passions of nations are confided. A modern army has a great deal of the locomotive about it, tremendous in its power, unreasoning, unfeeling, but yet easily subject to control. It is singular how the mechanical spirit of the age has overtaken and subdued this like everything else. As the farmer depends upon his implements, the merchant on the rail and the steamship, the manufacturer on the iron fingers at work for him untiringly in his mill, so rifle and battery, skillful evolution, and steady discipline, are doing away with the rough and desperate extremities of close quarters, cross bayonets, and hand to hand encounters. Sham fights would be contemptible as pageants if they did not bring out and present for contemplative observation the immense progress which is still making in the art of war.—*Leader.*

☞ Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth.—*Chesterfield.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1854.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

UNRIVALLED ARRAY OF TALENT.

The Proprietors of the POST, in again coming before the public, would return thanks for the generous patronage which has placed them far in advance of every other Literary Weekly in America. And, as the only suitable return for such free and hearty support, their arrangements for 1854 have been made with a degree of liberality probably unequalled in the history of American newspaper literature. They have engaged as contributors for the ensuing year, the following brilliant array of talent and genius:—

MRS. SOUTHWORTH—EMERSON BENNETT—MRS. DENISON—GRACE GREENWOOD AND FANNY FERN.

In the first paper of January next, we design commencing an Original Novelet, written expressly for our columns, entitled

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c.

This Novelet, by the popular author of "Clara Moreland," we design following by another, called

THE STEP MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,

Author of "Home Pictures," "Gertrude Russell," &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Whose brilliant and versatile pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post, and her own "Little Pilgrim."

Mrs. Southworth—whose fascinating works are now being rapidly republished in England—also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

And last—not least—we are authorized to announce a series of articles from one who has rapidly risen very high in popular favor. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

BY FANNY FERN,

AUTHOR OF "FERN LEAVES," &C.

We expect to be able to commence the Sketches by Fanny Fern—as well as the series by Grace Greenwood—in the early numbers of the coming year.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Besides the above original contributions, involving a large outlay of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, choice Tales, Sketches, Essays, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of engravings we present at least two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, Miscellaneous matter, General News, Witty and Humorous Sketches and Anecdotes, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, etc., etc., also shall be duly given.

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The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

4 COPIES,		$5.00	PER ANNUM.
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☞ **TO EDITORS.**—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notices of new contributions and our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ Complimentary notices from other papers, are omitted for want of room.

Miscellaneous.

EFFECTS OF WAR ON THE UNITED STATES.

The horror we feel for the breaking out of a great war in Europe, may have contributed somewhat, possibly, to our uniform anticipation of a pacification, at least for the present, between Turkey and Russia. Still, there does appear, even since the latest intelligence, that a loop-hole is yet left open for peace to enter into the councils of the contending powers. The chance, however, that these may issue in war, renders it seasonable to consider the effects of that scourge upon ourselves, provided we shall have the good fortune to maintain a position of strict neutrality.

This State has undoubtedly its advantages, and it has its drawbacks, too. Our trade, when a large fraction of the rest of the commercial world is fighting, will be comparatively increased; and perhaps its absolute amount may be augmented, notwithstanding that the materials of commerce will be diminished. But if the maritime powers shall be opposed, as in the contest toward the beginning of this century, between England and her allies on the one part, and France and her allies on the other, we may become entangled, as we did then, in the conflicting pretensions of the belligerent powers, and our neutral rights and privileges be attacked and sacrificed by both of the opposing parties, without any hope of redress from either.—The hundred millions of dollars plundered from us, under the Berlin and Milan Decrees, and the Orders in Council, made a sad deduction from the profits of our neutral trade, from which so much is now expected in the event of a European war.

From another cause we shall suffer severely and immediately, if England is engaged as a party in the struggle. It is known to every body, that her citizens are creditors to America in enormous amounts, besides what are due to creditors on the continent. Our foreign indebtedness, beyond our foreign mercantile debt, we have seen computed at five hundred millions of dollars. This includes sixty-five millions due from the nation; two hundred millions from the States; seventy millions from towns, cities, &c., by estimation; two hundred and fifty millions from railroads. As these particulars overrun the estimate of five hundred millions, that sum is probably below the truth.

A general war in Europe would diminish production, cause money to be hoarded, create a demand for capital, accompanied by a shortened supply. A panic would ensue, and lenders seek to realize their United States, State, municipal and railroad bonds, and collect their claims against Americans of all descriptions.—This would bring upon this country a severe monetary pressure; business would be paralyzed, and bankruptcies ensue. Transfers of capital to limited amounts might be made by the timid to this country, for investment in safer funds than Europe possessed, in a season of universal alarm; but by no means sufficient to balance the sums abstracted. And if they were equal, this circumstance would hardly lessen the embarrassment, and commercial disorganization for a time. The displacement and revolution of capital would be, temporarily, almost as ruinous, as if it were abstracted without return.

This is not all. It is admitted that a general war will throw the European world a quarter of a century behindhand, in the career of prosperity. And we can never believe for a moment, that when some of the fairest portions of the globe are in distress, and occupied with schemes of mutual hatred and destruction, that the United States can avoid feeling the fatal wounds, and sympathizing in all her borders. The sun may be locally eclipsed for a few moments, but cannot withhold his beams for weeks and months in one country without bringing agitation and suffering upon others. The United States, remarkably commercial as they are, have little prosperity it can call their own exclusively. There is a certain quantity of it belonging to the whole maritime world; her share is a fraction only, proportional to the entire stock. As that diminishes, their own is proportionally lessened. It must be so to a nation flourishing by exchanges; to an essentially selfish, exclusive population, as China was once, but is no longer, it would be different. Their national felicity is wrapped up in their own shell, and can be affected only by causes operating within. Such have no external life, and cannot therefore feel the influence of external good or evil. To a people thus isolated from the race, the famous line of Terence, "Homo sum," &c., does not apply. They are men indeed, but in respect to foreign relations are divorced from the human family.—*Newark Advertiser*.

CUSTOM HOUSE SWEARING.

In the rotunda of the custom house there is always a busy throng. Long snaky lines of men and boys waiting their turn, terminate at the important desks. No where in the city can a man see so much, in so little time, of the ethics of commercial usage. Let it be understood that right and wrong are abstract ideas. They are the soul's Sunday dinner. At all other times, as by universal consent, all such thoughts give place to "business usages"—usages not disguised at all—usages which if a man neglect, he is called green.

See—here are a row of boys from twelve to eighteen years old, thin featured, precocious, premature, waiting "to swear." One by one they stand by a busy man's desk, who snatches their proffered paper (an importer's invoice,) and as he glances at the names, dates and footings, he keeps muttering words which nobody can hear—cyphering and writing as he mutters; the boy meantime holds up his hand, or nods his head, the officer scribbles something on a slip of paper, enters something in a book and the boy goes on. Reader, that boy has been taking an oath—a solemn oath to the value of certain goods. Probably the boy does not even know the names, or quantity, or value of any article on the invoice. Yet his oath is given, and he trots along to another desk or office to pay dues, or obtain clearance papers. A thousand times a day and more, men and boys mock God with this business swearing.

But this is not all. These invoices are in very many cases fraudulent, and known to be fraudulent and false by all parties concerned—importer, broker, broker's-boy, collector and all. Go to a Paris shop and buy goods to the value of one thousand francs; take your bill and pay it, and leave the goods to be packed and sent home. "To what address, sir?" You answer, "A. B. C., New York, U. S. A." "Will you have a *Custom House bill*, sir?" if you say yes, the polite dealer will make it out and foot it up, making the values from twenty to forty per cent. lower than what you paid. This bill you put into the broker's hand here in New York. The broker's boy trots off and swears it true, asking no questions, and you save many a dollar of duty by the operation. Nobody in all this chain tells a lie in the gross sense of the term. The Paris dealers tell you the true value, and do not cheat you. You hand the papers to the broker, saying nothing, for he asks nothing but his fair wages. The broker hands them to the boy. The boy swears to them—nobody has told a lie—and yet I apprehend that all four parties are liars.

Now and then men venture beyond the limits of safe business usage, and whittle down their invoices injudiciously, or perhaps they forge new ones. Such a course as this *if detected* is exceedingly dishonorable, according to business usage. One man not long since was detected "swearing through" some forty thousand dollars' worth of goods *fraudulently*. Of course his whole stock was confiscated and his business character along with it.

Of all arguments that I have yet heard against the *ad valorem* system, this ethical argument is the most cogent, viz.: since men will lie anyhow, whenever they can make or save money by it, it is not good to offer a premium or invest opportunities for skillful, undetected lying. An *ad valorem* tariff, though perfect and just in its theory, is yet in practice most abominable. Avarice breeds liars plentifully anyhow—such soil needs no fertiliser for such a crop.

Enter the police courts, or any city court, and you shall hear the callous blasphemy of an oath repeated hour by hour until the pure and godly heart will ache with sorrow. Up stands the clerk: "Hold up your hand! 'tother hand, sir—your right hand, sir—so—mutter, mutter, mum, mum, m-m-m—swelp your God—kiss the book!" And thus the oath is taken. Verily may men as well hunt rhinoceros with potato popguns, as preach or print of God and duty an hour and a half a week to such men and such officials as these.

All this is not news to any city reader. Yesterday I saw the open eyes and mouth of a plain homely New England Christian, as he listened to the common place tone of a man who was telling what to do, and what is done, to get goods through the Custom House. His amazement was refreshing. It spoke the truth that the heats of Sodom had not as yet crisped up everything good in all hearts. Roses between paving stones, or lilies beneath a locomotive's tread, are not more rare, than a conscience, tender, delicate, and void of offence *before* God, in any great city, or nucleus of wealth and commerce.—*N. Y. Correspondent of the Norwich (Ct.) Examiner.*

☞ An advocate of capital punishment argues that the gallows is calculated to *elevate* mankind.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

TO OUR READERS.

In order to allow plenty of time for the making up of Clubs, &c., we lay before the readers of the Post our Prospectus for 1854. By a reference to it, they will perceive that our arrangements for the coming year are on a scale of liberality commensurate with our great circulation.

We have now reached that point of our career—far in advance of all of our weekly contemporaries—when it seems very possible to compass the glorious mark of 100,000 subscribers, hitherto unattained by any newspaper in America. We think next year—if our friends through the Union will take but a little trouble in our behalf—six months will not elapse without our being able to announce that the great pinnacle of our aspirations is reached, and that the Post numbers its 100,000 subscribers.

For our part, we have given our readers a programme for the ensuing campaign, which they need not be ashamed to display before their neighbors and friends;—and which, we think, scarcely needs to be more than displayed to procure hosts of new subscribers. If our columns for 1854 are not more brilliant and sparkling than the columns of any newspaper which ever existed in America, it will not be owing to any fault of ours. For with a galaxy of such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Mrs. Denison, Grace Greenwood and Fanny Fern, we have a right to anticipate an unequalled intellectual entertainment.

RAILROADS.

It is estimated that 120,000 people—laborers and their families—are now engaged in the construction of railroads in the Western States. The effect of such an increase of population, and consequent outlay of money, upon the prosperity of the agricultural community must be very great. 90,000 of the above number are estimated to be bona fide laborers, and receive $1,25 per day—which, allowing 300 working days to the year, would be $33,750,000 per annum. Of this amount probably at least $30,000,000 is expended at the places where they are employed, or in the immediate vicinity.

But in addition to the mere hire of the laborers, a large sum is yearly disbursed by every railroad company in the purchase of land, timber, &c., and in the subsistence of the horses and mules employed in the construction of the road. The amount thus expended annually must be estimated by the millions.

The capital thus invested is furnished to a very great degree by the Eastern States. And to the large amount thus furnished within the last five years, the present stringency in the money markets of the Eastern cities is probably in a considerable degree owing.

We have seen several other statistical statements recently, showing the effect of railroads upon the prosperity of the sections through which they pass. In Michigan, the advance in population, and value of property, in those counties through which railroads have been constructed, greatly exceeds the advance in the other counties of the state. And we have no doubt, the same difference obtains generally. In the first place, as we have remarked, the construction of the road immensely benefits the sections through which it is located; in the second place, money is being continually expended by the companies along their lines, after they are constructed, in the purchase of wood, agricultural productions, &c., and in the third place, emigration is attracted along the railroads as the most desirable location for farms, on account of the facility of reaching them, and the ease and cheapness of getting produce to market.

In view of these facts, which are well understood by all intelligent farmers, we cannot wonder at the perfect mania for railroads which now prevails. For it is manifest, that if a railroad does no more than pay its expenses, it is of immense advantage to the country through which it runs.

It does not follow always therefore, that because a railroad will richly repay a Western State for the making, that it will remunerate the Eastern or even Western capitalist who puts his money into it. A man who owns large tracts of land, will often do well to lay out thousands of dollars in the opening of communications to them, though for the investment he expects no return, except in the increased value of his property. But because it pays him to invest in such avenues of communication, it does not follow that it would pay others.

It is pleasant, however, to know that, in the great majority of cases, all parties are benefitted by these railroads. The Eastern capitalist is benefitted by a reasonable return in the way of dividends, and by his share in the general increased prosperity of the country; while the West, penetrated in every section almost, by these level, iron roads, becomes a huge harvest field, capable of producing enough, if need be, to feed the hungry millions of a world. Thus, in these days, a serious famine should be almost an impossibility, for the Valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi are brought, through the agencies of railroads and steam, within feeding distance of Europe and of Asia. And a deficiency in the harvests of the old world, can easily be supplied from the teeming bosom of the new.

Mrs. Southworth's Works.—We learn that, since September last, *four* of Mrs. Southworth's fictions have been republished by London publishers—three by one firm, and one by another. This would seem to prove pretty conclusively that the English public are a little voracious after Mrs. Southworth's writings. We trust that the London publishers will not forget the author, when dividing the profits from the sale of her works.

A Good Suggestion.—A correspondent of the Ledger suggests that the streets of Philadelphia, and of course of other towns and cities, should be further lighted by the entry light in houses being placed over the front door, behind the transoms. This would not only give the streets a more cheerful appearance, but promote virtue—for vice shuns the light.

Miss Cunningham.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that this lady has been set at liberty.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Will some one explain why it is that secret societies are so multiplying in this country? Besides the ancient orders of Masons and Odd-Fellows, we have now, it is said, the Ancient Order of Druids, Ancient Order of Good Fellows, Improved Order of Red Men, American Protestant Association, Sons of Temperance, Sons of America, United Order of American Mechanics, Independent Order of Philozatheans, Independent Order of Rechabites, Brotherhood of the Union, Female Druids, Cadets of Temperance, Order of the Lone Star, and others whose names only occasionally appear in public.

What is the secret of the popularity of these societies? Is it in their beneficial and charitable features—or do their members, through a system of mutual co-operation, possess advantages in the pursuit of wealth and power, over the uninitiated? The most of them, we believe, have high-sounding titles for their officers—is there a secret charm in these for republican ears? We know that every other man in some sections of the country, is either Captain, Major, Colonel, General—or Squire—but how deeply implanted this love of titles is, it would be curious to ascertain.

Now, we would like a brief letter from at least one member of each of the above mentioned societies, stating the reasons for joining and continuing in membership with said society. As also the date of its origin, the number of its members, and whether it is increasing or otherwise. Give us light. Perhaps we, too, with a host of our readers, may become a Druid, or a Rechabite, or a Red Man, or a Philozathean.

MR. SOULE.

A week or two ago we published a translation of a long and highly eulogistic article, from a French writer, of Mr. Soule, recently appointed Minister to Spain. The writer spoke of Mr. Soule's career in France, and professed to have been an eye-witness of much which he related. The Paris correspondent of the Courier and Inquirer, who translated the article referred to, and sent it to that paper for publication, has since sent home a denial of some of the principal "facts," and throws doubt upon the truthfulness of the whole narrative. In particular, the statement of Mr. Soule's difficulty with the Government, his speech at the trial, &c., are found upon an inspection of the official records, to be much "revised and improved." Mr. Soule seems to have made a very sensible and discreet defence, instead of accusing in turn, and almost defying the Court, as was represented.

Apropos to Mr. Soule, the Washington Star states, that he "procured a court dress, at the instance of Mr. Calderon, the Spanish Minister, who was apprehensive if he appeared in the Spanish Court in plain dress, the Minister, (not advised of Secretary Marcy's circular,) might construe it into a vaunting of the extreme radical and filibustering views with which he was universally credited by the European press."

We are glad to see this explanation—though it strikes us that if Mr. Soule had taken pains to advise the Spanish Minister of the existence and contents of Mr. Marcy's circular, it might have obviated the necessity of his velvet uniform.

A NIAGARA NUISANCE.

Twelve thousand dollars were collected from persons crossing the bridge leading to Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, during the past season.

Well, if twelve thousand dollars were collected in one season, the bridge probably has been paid for some half-dozen times already—so the proprietors would do well to throw it open henceforward to the public; the hotel-keepers submitting to a small yearly tax to keep it in repair. People talk sometimes against old Nick Biddle, of the overturned B. U. S., as if he were a monster,—and yet Biddle's Staircase, to descend which no charge is made, is a perpetual rebuke to the Bridge Companies, and others who stand at the doors of the Temple of the Sublime, and charge twenty-five cents for an entrance fee. A "whip of small cords" would be as usefully employed on the backs of these fellows, as on the "money-changers" formerly. Such picayune chaps—if their fathers had happened to be an object of veneration to nations—would charge twenty-five cents for a sight of their graves.

PROGRESS.

Geo. W. Clinton, Esq., the "hard shell" candidate for the office of Secretary of State in New York, closed his speech in the Park, on Monday evening week, by expressing the hope "that this glorious Confederacy shall cover not only this Continent, but the isles of the sea, and Cuba and *Ireland shall be embraced in our arms*."

Why not England and Scotland, too—to say nothing of France and Russia, and the "rest of mankind?" Why make more than one bite at the huge apple of the world? We too hope that the whole world, some "year *of our Lord*," shall be leagued together,

"and the battle-flag be furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Confederation of the World."

FRAGMENTS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

We call the attention of our readers to the series of articles just commenced under the above head. They are exactly what they purport to be, a collection of narratives and anecdotes given to the author—himself the son of a veteran of the Revolution—by his father, and others who were personally engaged in that great struggle. We shall be disappointed if our readers do not find "Uncle Willie's" articles a very interesting series. Their truthfulness may be implicitly relied upon.

The Martha Washington Case.—Considerable excitement has been produced at Cincinnati, by an order of Judge McLean prohibiting the testimony in the Martha Washington case, being published from day to day in the papers. This was done at the request of the counsel for the defendants, who alleged that there was very little use in keeping the witnesses for the prosecution out of Court, if they could read over the testimony which had been offered by previous witnesses on the same side, every morning.

The Cincinnati newspapers have taken umbrage at this order of Judge McLeane's, and pronounce it unconstitutional and tyrannical. But, although very much disposed to make common cause with our brethren of the press, whenever we can do it with fairness and propriety, we fear that in this case they are wrong. We think the ends of justice sometimes have been defeated in this city, by the daily publication of a long string of testimony for the plaintiff. For the memory of even conscientious witnesses may be enlarged beyond the truth, by perusing the testimony of others, and by sympathy with a warm and hasty public sentiment thus engendered. Be reasonable, gentlemen.

Don't Like Lemonade.—The councils of this city are moving in the matter of a large filterer at Fairmount, to filter all the water before it enters the basins. This is absolutely necessary—unless our citizens would "eat dirt," as the Turks say. Nearly the whole of last winter, the famous Schuylkill water was about the color of lemonade. But our city fathers are not "fast" men, by any means. If they only were as sure as they are slow, there would be no surer men in the country. They come about as near to our idea of "old fogies" as any legislators we know of. These are the gentry who have to go some 600 miles inland—to Cincinnati—to learn how a steam fire-engine will work. We are ashamed of them. Nothing but Consolidation will waken them up—and when a bill for that good work is presented in the State Legislature, we want our country friends to give it "a pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

The Sunbury and Erie Railroad.—Mr. Fallon has resigned the Presidency, and Mr. John Tucker is, for the present, the new head. To this complexion it ought to have come months ago. It does not matter whether the opposition to Mr. Fallon was factious or otherwise—the road was suffering greatly on that account, and his wisest course was to withdraw. Now, probably, the city subscription will be at once renewed, and three County Commissioners have no occasion to assume a responsibility that the people never designed bestowing upon them. Philadelphia,—united, and not divided,—will have quite enough to do to hold her own against New York, in the race of honorable competition for the inland trade.

Ole Bull's Colony.—Notwithstanding a recent denial, it seems too true that Ole Bull's Norwegian Colony in Potter County, has fallen through, and that the few colonists who remain are suffering for the want of the necessaries of life. Mr. Bull, forgetting his own loss, is about giving a series of concerts for the relief of his colonists. May he realize sufficient for them, and some thousands over for himself. How is it that the project failed? Was not Ole Bull's fiddle equal to the lyre of Orpheus in building up a city?

Madam Sontag's Concerts.—These delightful Concerts have been brought to a close. The gratis one for the girls in the public schools was crowded—boxes, parquet, and stage—and is said to have been a beautiful sight. We believe that our friends in the South and West are to have an opportunity afforded them of hearing this gifted vocalist.

☞ Wheat for France, at from ninety cents to $1 10 per bushel, has been purchased recently at Pittsburg.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

Col. Benton, one of the Nestors of American politics, in his recent History, says:

I consider "sweeping" removals, as now practiced by both parties, a great political evil in our country, injurious to individuals, to the public service, to the purity of elections, and to the harmony and union of the people. Certainly, no individual has a right to an office, no one has an estate or property in a public employment; but when a mere ministerial worker in a subordinate station has learned its duties by experience, and approved his fidelity by his conduct, it is an injury to the public service to exchange him for a novice, whose only title to the place may be a political badge or a partisan service. It is exchanging experience for inexperience, tried ability for untried, and destroying the incentive to good conduct, by destroying its reward. To the party displaced it is an injury, having become a proficient in that business, expecting to remain in it during good behaviour, and finding it difficult, at an advanced age, and with fixed habits, to begin a new career in some new walk of life. It converts elections into scrambles for office, and degrades the Government into an office for rewards and punishments, and divides the people of the Union into two adverse parties—each in its turn, and as it becomes dominant, to strip and proscribe the other. Our government is a Union. We want a united *people*, as well as united *States*—united for benefits as well as for burthens, and in feeling as well as in compact; and this cannot be while one half (each in its turn) excludes the other from all share in the administration of the Government.

Our opinion precisely—and one the Post regularly expresses at every change of the national administration. No matter who is victorious, we always are opposed to the removal of honest and capable men from subordinate offices, merely for a difference in political creed. The system of considering the offices of the country as "spoils," corrupts both "ins" and "outs."

The Japan Expedition.—The Expedition had reached Jeddo, and left again on the 17th of August. Commodore Perry had an interview with two of the Imperial Princes, and delivered to them the President's letter. He is to return in the Spring for a reply.

The Expedition was not molested in the least. The Commodore refused to receive the usual warning to depart instanter—and gave notice that if an attempt were made to surround him with the customary cordon of boats, unpleasant consequences might ensue. During his stay, he penetrated twenty miles further up the bay than the limit of previous explorations. "The officers of the Susquehanna and Mississippi speak with admiration of the beauty of the shores, and the rich cultivation and luxuriant vegetation which they everywhere witnessed. The natives with whom they came in contact, were friendly in their demeanor, and the Governor of Uraga is spoken of as a model of refinement and good breeding.

"The day before the departure of the squadron, the Governor went on board the Susquehanna, taking with him a number of presents, consisting of articles of lacquered ware and other Japanese manufactures." We are not informed whether the presents provided for the Japanese, were given and accepted.

Don't Believe a Word of It.—In some recent California news, we find the following:

It was reported at Honolulu that 12,000 Russians were preparing to emigrate to the Sandwich Islands, under the auspices of the Emperor Nicholas.

We have not the least doubt that Nicholas would like to have a sandwich or two with his turkey, but he has his hands already so full with the latter, that he will be more apt to lay it down than try to take the former up.

The North-West Passage.—This passage, it seems, has *not* yet been either sailed or drifted through. The fact appears to be, that Capt. McClure, entering Bhering's Strait, penetrated to an island called by him Dealy Island, where he has been "taking his *ease*," in spite of himself, ever since 1851. He has been reached, however, by an exploring party who were dispatched across the Strait on the ice, from Melville Island, on the opposite coast—a distance of 170 miles.

New Type.—We assume this week a new dress—and think we look very fresh and pretty in it. It is mostly copper-faced, and not brazen-faced, as newspapers often are accused of being. After a fair trial of the copper-faced type, we can assure our contemporaries that it works admirably—one font of it will outlast two of the common kind.

☞ To the Editor of "Notes and Queries."—Who was the husband of the celebrated "Mother of Pearl?"—*Diogenes.*

Every reader of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," knows that she had no husband.

New Publications.

God With Men, or, Footprints of Providential Leaders. By Samuel Osgood, author of "Studies in Christian Biography," &c. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Phila.

It is stated in the preface, that "The papers which compose this volume, were written in order to give the young people of the author's parish some idea of the course of Divine Revelation through the representative characters of both dispensations." We have read the book with pleasure, and consider it well adapted to aid in the comprehension of Biblical history. At the conclusion is a tradition of the old church, taken from the pages of the golden mouthed Jeremy Taylor, which is so much to our mind that we must transcribe it.

"A devotee in his cell after hours of prayer at last thought that his petitions were granted, and Christ in beatific vision stood before him; but in a moment the convent-bell sounded, and the poor man, almost distracted at leaving his divine visitant thus, rose from his knees at the call of duty and went to provide for the guest who had just come to the gate for shelter. He did his duty and then returned to his cell with a heart warm with charity, yet heavy with grief. He went back, and lo! there stood that same divine presence, radiant with a still more benign smile, and a voice spoke: 'If thou hadst not left me, I had left thee; and because thou did'st leave me at the call of duty, thou hast found me now that thy duty is done.' To the well-doer heaven was nearer than before, and work was the fruit and the inspiration of faith and prayer."

Men and Things as I Saw Them in Europe. By Kirwan. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A record of travel written in a brief and nervous style. The most distinctive feature of the book, as of its author's life, is opposition to Popery, the evil of which grows upon his mind more and more as he approaches its head-quarters, Rome.

Genius and Faith; or, Poetry and Religion in their Mutual Relations. By William C. Scott. New York: Charles Scribner. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

We like this book well enough, but it seems to us that the author has been at unnecessary pains to prove an indisputable fact—the harmony of Poetry and Religion.

Gustavus Lindorm, or, "Lead us Not Into Temptation." By Emilie F. Carlen, Author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Bride of Omberg," &c. From the Original Swedish, by Elbert Perce. New York: Charles Scribner. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A good and interesting novel, as novels go, but Emilie Carlen is not Fredrika Bremer.

Life Scenes, Sketched in Light and Shadow from the World around us. By Francis A. Durivage. With Illustrations, by C. W. Rowse. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A collection of stories, tragic and comic, of considerable interest.

Tip-Top; or, A Noble Aim. A Book for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, Author of "Queer Bonnets," &c. &c. New York: Charles Scribner. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A lively and entertaining book, calculated to please the juveniles.

☞ "Beware," said the potter to the clay, and it became *ware*.

☞ A Western editor thinks that married folks with small families must make the best Millerites, as they are most seriously disturbed by the "midnight cry."

☞ "Inculcate good habits in your children, and good principles, which are but names for good habits, will follow of themselves. Training, and not teaching, is the word for children. You are to train them in habits which no future lessons can unteach." We give the foregoing as we find it, though not quite certain it is altogether right. It will do to think over, however.

☞ The Valley of the Mississippi.—De Tocqueville designates the Valley of the Mississippi as "the most magnificent habitation that God ever designed for man."

☞ The Supporters of Austria.—The arms of Austria are the eagle,—the double-headed eagle. When, however, we think of the paper currency of the house of Hapsburgh—currency issued only to be dishonored—the supporters of Austria are surely not eagles, but—as Nokes, the wag upon 'Change, says—*kites*.—*Punch.*

☞ A Woman's Right's Lecturer mentions, as one of the six objections to a woman's being married, that she loses the control of her children.

☞ A man has no more right to utter untruths to his own disparagement than to his own praise. Truth is absolute. It is obligatory under all circumstances, and in all relations.—*Dr. Kitto.*

Original Sketches.

FRAGMENTS OF '76.

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF EYE-WITNESSES.

[*Mr. Editor*:—To save your readers the labor of perusing a tedious introduction, or explanatory preface, I shall proceed, at once, to give them accounts of various revolutionary events, in the simple manner in which their history was given to me, by the actors themselves.]

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

We had been encamped for a considerable time in the vicinity of the City of New York, in a state of comparative inactivity; at least, such as it was for our generally over-worked and harassed army; watching the motions of the British, then occupying that city. Our principal employment during the period, had been foraging for our own subsistence, and restraining, as well as we could, the predatory irruptions of the enemy into the surrounding country. This of course led to occasional light skirmishes, but I was not personally engaged in any affair of sufficient importance to deserve special notice.

Without any previous intimation or expectation of such an event, we were ordered to strike our tents, and march with all possible expedition to the South. We were quickly in motion. Hastening through the State of New Jersey, the brigade to which I was attached crossed over to the Western side of the Delaware, at Trenton,—continuing our march along the right bank of that stream, through Philadelphia, into what was then Chester, now Delaware County, till we reached Concord. At this place we had a few hours repose. This was thankfully welcomed and heartily enjoyed, as our march had been hurried from its commencement till we reached this place. Many of our shoes were much worn, and we were foot-sore.

With the subaltern officers, as well as with the rank and file, the cause and design of this hasty march were entirely unknown. Conjectures of all kinds were of course rife amongst us. Many seemed to think our march would be continued to South Carolina or Georgia. This, with our sore feet and dilapidated clothing, was by no means a cheering prospect. Still no murmurs were heard. Washington was with us, and him we were willing to follow, wherever he chose to lead, and our strength enabled us to go. Soon after leaving Concord, the true cause of our movement became known. It began to spread from mouth to mouth through our ranks, that the British had sailed up Chesapeake Bay; had actually landed; were now in full march, with a powerful force, for the City of Philadelphia, and that we were liable to be attacked every minute. As soon as this was generally known and believed, there was a visible change in the appearance of our men. Their faces brightened. Their forms became more erect, and their step firm and defiant. They preferred an immediate contest with the enemy, at any odds, to a barefooted march of hundreds of miles. Yet the brave fellows had nerved themselves to meet either event with fortitude.

On the evening of the second day preceding the Battle of Brandywine, we encamped for the night some distance beyond the stream, and resumed our march very early the following morning. It soon became evident to us all that the Commander-in-Chief and the general officers were in a quandary. They were observed to hold frequent short conferences, and separate with anxious countenances. We could plainly see that they felt themselves in a straight. Field officers were seen riding off in haste to the right and left—some attended by a small escort, others by a single mounted orderly. These were constantly returning to report such information as could be gained. Few travellers were met on the road, but these, as well as many inhabitants of the houses near our route, were closely questioned. Still it seemed nothing satisfactory could be learned as to the movements of General Howe, or the road he had taken.

A brief halt was ordered, on the banks of a small brook that crossed the road. Here I heard General Washington, as he rode by the North Carolina brigade, say, as it seemed to me with a touch of sorrow in his tone and manner—"General Nash, it is hard fighting in an enemy's country." During this halt some officers were seen to gallop up to the Commander-in-Chief. Whatever their report was, it seemed important. It caused an immediate change in the direction of our march. Immediately came the command, "to the right about wheel." A countermarch was commenced, and continued till we regained the Eastern bank of the Brandywine, at Chadd's Ford, when the army deployed up the stream towards the Forks, to encamp for the night.

After we had enjoyed a short rest, and had taken our evening meal, an invitation was given to young and active men to volunteer for a particular service. When I recall to mind the fatigued and toil-worn appearance of the troops at the time, I am astonished that the call met a prompt and cheerful compliance. In a few minutes a sufficient number of us had stepped to the front for the purpose required. We were quickly formed in regular order, and, after a keen though hasty inspection by an officer, a stranger to me, but apparently of high rank, came the brief, peremptory order, "Forward, march!" We re-crossed the Brandywine, and then it was evident we were to form an advanced guard. We continued our march, as we judged, nearly two miles, when we reached a wood, extending on both sides of the road. Here we came to a halt, and were formed, with as much regularity as the darkness admitted of, on each side of the highway. Our instructions were to keep our gun-locks and cartridges from the effects of the dew as well as we possibly could, to keep wide awake—look well to the front, and, let what might happen, not presume to fire without the word of command.

The night air was damp, but the temperature was pleasant, and as we lay in a state of inaction for some hours, notwithstanding the order to keep awake, I have no doubt that many an involuntary nap aided in restoring the energies of our toil-worn band. About three o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September, came on a fog of more than usual density, that enveloped the wood in which we were sheltered in a pall of ominous darkness, which continued to brood like an incubus over all the region about to become an arena of strife, a scene of awful carnage, till long after the sun had been above the horizon. Everything we had observed in the course of the preceding day, led us to look for a speedy conflict. In the case of our little band of volunteers, long suspense had become positive impatience for action.

It was, as I think, just about the time of the first dawning of day, when we heard the sound of footsteps. A calm prevailed at the time—the sounds became more and more distinct, and soon our practised and attentive ears detected the heavy, measured tread of a large body of men on a regular march. After a few moments, we could perceive gleams of light flashing through the fog, resembling closely the evanescent coruscations of fire-flies, twinkling on a dark night. "They are Hessians! Here come the Hessians!" was loudly whispered through our ranks. The flashes of light, in fact, came from their pipes, which these mercenaries wore as constantly as they did any of their more warlike equipments. The meerschaum hung always from their necks.

We had firmly grasped our muskets, and our fingers were on the triggers, at the first sound of their advancing steps. The head of their column, as well as we could judge by the light from their pipes, was not more than twenty-five or thirty paces from our muzzles, when we received the order to fire. Amid the fog and darkness, we could not tell what the effect of our fire had been. It caused, as I thought, a momentary halt, and we could hear them calling lustily, in their broken English, for "cannon! cannon! cannon!" It did not, however, stop their smoking. This circumstance actually nettled us, and we vowed to each other as we withdrew, that next time we would spoil that sport. They had probably been instructed to preserve their order of march, and keep the column entire, under all circumstances, as there was not a gun fired in return for our salute.

Our instructions were, that in case we should fire upon the enemy, we should immediately withdraw, with all speed consistent with the preservation of order, to the next cover in our rear, where we were to form again, reload our muskets, and repeat the operation. We did not wait long after gaining the nearest wood, carefully loading our firelocks, and rubbing and picking our flints, before the gleam of their pipes was again seen flashing through the fog, having the appearance of a bravado, and producing on our minds all the effects of one. They had now, however, notwithstanding this apparent nonchalance, evidently become suspicious of danger, and, I thought, seemed to approach the wood with reluctance. Whatever other orders they had received, silence certainly had not been enjoined on them; there was loud and general gabbling as they advanced. Their native language was unintelligible to me, but I distinctly heard, more than once, from some of them, the exclamation, "Kepple in te push! kepple in te push!" Soon was the prediction verified, by another general discharge from our muskets, with apparently the same effect as before. There was another short stop, as if the lifted foot had been arrested and held from the ground, and a repetition of the call for "cannon! cannon! cannon!"

The next and last stand we made, was in a field of Indian corn, at no great distance from the river. As before, the chief effect that seemed to have been produced by our fire, was a still increasing reluctance to approach a place fitted for concealing a foe; and the obscurity occasioned by the fog, increased the apparent closeness and gloom of such objects as woods and cornfields. Hesitation was plainly to be seen in their steps. As they came to the place of our last ambuscade, their favorite English word, "repple! repple!" seemed to roll from every tongue; but to our great chagrin, the everlasting pipe was still in full blast, and they had not acknowledged any of our salutes by returning the compliment in kind. Indeed to have done so in the darkness, sheltered as we had been while within striking distance, would have been waste of powder.

After another mark of attention to our visitors, darkness still prevailing, we hastened to repass the stream. In this we found no difficulty, as it was neither wide, deep nor rapid. Our commanding officer, I suppose made a report of our operations to the proper authority, and we were held in reserve, till some emergency should again call us into action. Such a crisis did not occur till after the sun had passed the meridian. It was perhaps near three o'clock when orders came for us to reinforce the Jersey Blues, who were like to be overwhelmed by a superior force. We advanced at quick step to the point indicated. This was the first and only time in the course of my military experience, that I saw men actually engaged at the point of the bayonet; and I fancy that it seldom happens that contending parties come to such close quarters; but when we came in sight of the combatants, such was the real state of affairs.

Many of the men of both parties were frightfully torn and mangled. Some of our poor, brave fellows, were striving to prevent the outgushing of their bowels with the left hand, and at the same time endeavoring to ward themselves from the weapons of the foe; but I will not continue the terrible description. This sight, far from intimidating us, positively annihilated all fear, and caused an eagerness to mingle in the fray, that we might both protect and avenge our fellow soldiers. Our pace became more and more rapid, as we approached the scene, and when the British saw us coming up on a full run, they broke their ranks and precipitately withdrew, leaving our comrades masters of that part of the field.

The Jersey Blues, being thus relieved, moved off, taking most if not all their wounded men with them. A few in the last agonies of death, may have been left—but if so, such was their state, that human aid or sympathy would have availed nothing. We occupied the position of the Blues, without molestation, till we discovered that the main body was in full retreat, and had been withdrawing for some time. This delay was near causing us serious difficulties; for as we were trying to make our way to the Wilmington road, through a narrow ravine, we found a considerable body of the British army forming directly in our front at the head of the ravine. We were about concluding we should have to resort to the bayonet. Luckily, however, for us, there was a company of light artillery in our rear, intending to effect its retreat by the same pass. This company was commanded by a Captain Quinn, who, on perceiving the state of affairs, came gallantly on, wheeled his heavily loaded guns, four in number, and by a well directed discharge, opened a lane through the enemy's ranks—through which we rushed, after discharging our guns to keep up the state of disorder, into which the hostile ranks had been thrown, with our bayonets in the position for charging. An irregular fire was kept up by the enemy, and in running this gauntlet some of our number were killed and wounded.

As soon as we escaped from this difficulty, we lost no time in putting as much space as possible between us and the foe, in our exhausted state. Keeping together as well as we could, we directed our course towards Chester, and soon after nightfall, hungry, toil-worn and dispirited, we threw ourselves on the bare ground, with no shelter but such as the trees of the wood gave us, glad of an opportunity to get some sleep under any circumstances.

We had been without food for twenty-four hours, with the exception of one biscuit per man, which, through the fatherly care and thoughtfulness of the Commander-in-Chief, had been furnished to us on the field, while the battle was still in progress at several points; and it was said that every soldier in the army, on that day, had received the same care and attention from him who was, indeed, a friend and father to us all. UNCLE WILLIE.

Clippings.

ADVICE TO THE RISING GENERATION.

In going to parties, just mind what you're at;
Beware of your head, and take care of your hat;
Lest you find that favorite son of your mother,
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other.

☞ Perseverance.—If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing *well* without sincerely meaning it and setting about it. If you entertain the supposition that any *real* success, in great things or in small, ever was or could be—ever will or can be—wrested from fortune by fits and starts, leave that wrong idea here.

☞ The French Order of the Legion of Honor numbers fifty-two thousand seven hundred members.

☞ At an auction in London, a few weeks ago, a lock of hair from the foolish head of Charles I., sold for twenty-six dollars; while a lock of Newton's hair only brought three dollars and seventy-five cents!!!

☞ There is talk in England of introducing the American railroad car, which is far better in every respect than the small coach-car of the English railroads.

☞ There is a scarcity of missionaries, it appears. Dr. Tyng said, at a missionary meeting, a short time ago, that "The Society had plenty of funds last year, but then they were unable to get missionaries enough, and on sending to England they were informed that fifty missionaries were wanted there every day, but they could not be obtained."

☞ I have seen the most eloquent speakers in the House of Commons struck dumb by—*a fact*.—*Lord Thurlow.*

☞ The first fruit will fall when it is ripe, but he who strives to pluck it when green, does nothing in succeeding, but effectually prevent its ripening at all.—*Punch.*

☞ It is as absurd to choose Aldermen or Councilmen because they are Democrats or Whigs, as it would be for a Railroad Company to select its Directors or Agents on the same grounds.

☞ A University for Australia has been founded and endowed by the local Legislature at Sydney; and a project is on foot to establish a new College in connection with the University there, for Educating Ministers of the English Church. What is California doing in the way of education?

☞ Ancient Sarcophagus.—M. de Saulcy, the French Eastern traveller, has presented the Louvre, at Paris, with a sarcophagus extracted from the tombs of the old Kings of Jerusalem.

☞ Jewish Negroes.—It is stated in the *Pennsylvania Freeman* that a German traveller informs the Rev. Dr. Phillips, a missionary in North Africa, that he has discovered a race of negroes, near the kingdom of Bambara, that are Jews in their religious rites and observances.—Nearly every family, he says, has the law of Moses written on parchments. Although but little credence can be given to this statement, yet it must be allowed that there are vast tracts of country in Africa unexplored.

☞ "Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity."—The estate of Daylesford, the family estate of Warren Hastings, to repurchase which, after it had passed, through the poverty of the family, into the hands of a London merchant, was the darling object of the great Indian statesman, has just been resold, and is once more in the hands of strangers—a striking illustration of the preacher's words.

☞ Gentility.—There cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ Beginning a Speech.—A new Englander once said—"I always find it necessary to say a few words before I begin."

☞ High Price for a Bull.—The Grand Duke Bull, the property of S. E. Bolden, Esq., one of the herd of the late Earl Ducie, has been sold to Mr. Thorn, of New York, for a *thousand guineas.*

☞ Ominous!—A railroad company in the North of England has just contributed out of its funds, £25, towards providing an additional *burial-ground* in a town through which it passes.

☞ The attention of the mistress of a family was lately called to the fact that a colored girl was constantly seen lying on the grass-plot, with her face turned up to the sun. Upon being questioned why she assumed that posture, she answered: "Why, missus always lays de tings on de grass what she wants to make white. I wants to get white, too."

☞ It is no joke to be a New York fireman. One company has been known to expend, in a single year, as much as six thousand dollars in entertaining their brethren from other cities.

☞ Part of the suite of Louis Napoleon in his late "progress" through the Northern provinces were eighty cooks.

☞ The conductor on the Lowell Railroad is so polite, that he actually stopped the express train recently at West Medford, to allow a lady passenger to kiss a female friend whom she observed at the station. The train was stopped, the lady left the car, kissed her friend lovingly, resumed her seat, and the train passed on.—*Chronicle.*

☞ Dirty Gutters.—The N. Y. Sunday Courier says that a drunken fellow, upon crawling recently out of one of the gutters of that city, at the approach of a policeman, exclaimed, indignantly,—"As for your blamed New York gutters, they ain't fit for a '*spectable hog to lay in!*"

☞ We understand, says the Camden Democrat, that a newly-married lady, residing with her husband in Cooper Street, is about applying for a divorce, on the ground that her lord persists in washing his feet in the *frying-pan!*

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Old Munden, The Port of Embarkation of the Poor Hessians of our Revolution—Hesse Cassel, Their Home—Cassel the Capital, its Attractions and how Obtained—Frankfort-on-the-Maine—Wisbaden, a Popular Watering Place.

After ten happy weeks spent in the quiet little city of Gottingen, and under the mild and comparatively free government of Hanover, I start, with many regrets, on my way to the noisy capital, Vienna, to experience, perhaps, some of the inconveniences of a more rigid rule. But if one wishes to learn anything of Germany he must not confine himself to a little provincial town, though as far as the advantages of a university go, that provincial town has an advantage over a large city. I must, therefore, leave my first German home, as it has become, and wend my way, by a circuitous route, to the Austrian capital. If, perhaps, some of the readers of the Post have felt an interest in my sketches of travel in Great Britain, Holland, and Northern Germany, they may feel willing to wander occasionally with me through Southern Germany, especially through the mountain land, Tyrol.

I lingered in Gottingen but a half day after the close of the term, and then with three good friends and fellow-countrymen, rode to the old city of Munden. Without considering its admirable situation at the junction of three beautiful and fertile valleys, or its quaint, antique architecture, Munden has an interest for me as the place where the poor Hessians of our revolution embarked on their way to America. Theirs was, indeed, a lot to be pitied. Sold like so many machines, to engage in a contest in which they had no interest, and to do the bloodiest work against those with whom they had no quarrel. The beauty of the happy valleys which they were leaving, most of them forever, was veiled by the forms of wives, children and loved ones, who crowded the shores to take a last fond look. Thousands, it is said, followed the vessels on foot, as far as Bremen, more than a hundred miles.

Munden lies nearly on the boundary between Hanover and Hesse Cassel, and a short walk in the cool of the next morning brought me into the dominions of the elector. I never cross the boundary without pity for the people who suffer, and indignation against the monarch who enforces an oppression hardly less revolting than that of his ancestor in banishing twelve thousand of his subjects, or his children, as he called them. In north Germany there is no country peopled by so beggarly, miserable and woe-begone a population; no State enjoying so wretched a reputation, governed by a monarch so heedless of the cries of his people, and a minister so ingenious in governmental tortures. In the capital, Cassel, you see less wretchedness than in the rural districts; but it is only seeming. The press under a rigid censorship, the ordinary law suspended, the usual amusements of the people in a great measure prohibited, the streets filled with soldiers, make Cassel a miserable city. In the great public square stands a colossal statute of the Elector Frederick II., the principal adorner of the city, and the salesman of his subjects. It was erected by the present Elector, I believe. As a testimonial of respect, offerings of stones seem to be popular; at least a large cart load, I should think, might be gathered at its base. The magnificent water-works, consisting of fountains and artificial waterfalls, the idea of Frederick II., and erected with a part of the funds he received from England, form the greatest attraction of Cassel. They are situated about three miles from the city on the slope of a hill about 1,300 feet high. With the exception of the first and highest, which is constructed in the most artificial manner of an immense flight of stone steps forty feet broad, the gradual flow of the water down the hill is very beautifully managed. But for this gigantic flight of steps the water is not sufficient, and the thin sheet flowing over them suggests the picture of a Philadelphia house-maid washing the steps and pavement. The second fall is a huge pile of basalt rocks, arranged in something like the form of a horse-shoe, and has at least the appearance of nature. I could not but laugh, however, when a German gentleman asked me if it resembled Niagara, which it was intended to represent. I answered that if he would pile up a handful of pebbles and pour a tumbler of water over them, he would get about as correct an idea of Niagara as from this. The finest feature of the performance was a colossal jet, a foot in diameter and said to be one hundred and ninety feet high. Its play was of but short duration. Two or three other waterfalls, in which a pleasing variety was introduced, and in all of which nature was well imitated, closed the performance; and the thousands who had come out to look on, repaired to the neighboring inn, or the garden attached to it, to drink coffee, beer, &c.

From Cassel to Frankfort-on-the-Maine one travels by railway; but of all tedious German railways that I have tried, this is the most tedious. Fortunately, the country is beautiful. The valleys through which it leads are rich and well cultivated, and the hills on each side are at intervals crowned with ruined castles, looking sadly at each other. Fertile as the country is, it gives but little promise this year of a comfortable winter for the poor. The only grain that seems to have yielded abundantly is wheat, and with that the lower classes have little to do. The rye, the main support of the laborer, was beaten down by heavy and continued rains early in the summer, and ripened but imperfectly. Potatoes, which are extensively cultivated, are this year deplorably diseased, and the land seems in mourning weeds for the coming misery of the people. The fruit trees everywhere—that is, along the road-side, for one sees no orchards, are full to bending; and tobacco, of which innumerable patches, some of considerable dimensions, are to be seen, seemed to thrive excellently.

Frankfort is a busy old city, with a very friendly, clean look; and one can spend a couple of days there very pleasantly, even if he has nothing more to do than to ramble about the streets and the grounds around the city, going by as often as he can the fine bronze statue of Goethe, or looking in a while each day at the picture gallery, which, though small, contains some good things, particularly a master-piece of Lessing. He must devote at least half an hour each day to the master work of Danneker, the Ariadne. The lover of the beautiful cannot look too long at this wonderful creation, though he may fail to find in it any lofty expression, which is the additional charm to some greater works.

One afternoon I ran down to Wisbaden, which is a ride of an hour and a half by railroad from Frankfort. I wanted to take a glance at a popular German watering-place, to see how time was spent. I found, as at such places at home, it was spent in killing time. Some of the ways were a little peculiar, or at least more public than I have ever noticed in America. In the large public building, called the Cursaale, were two rooms devoted to gambling. The privilege of the tables brings in a handsome income yearly to the Duke of Nassau. Around these tables perhaps a hundred persons were sitting or standing, about half whom were probably interested in the game. From eleven in the morning till eleven at night the play continues without intermission, except on Sundays and holydays, when two hours, from one till three o'clock, are devoted to other purposes. No one can play higher at a time than three hundred louisd'or (about $12,50,) nor lower than a guldin (42 cents.) From the number of persons playing, the frequent changes going on among them, and the length of time devoted to this purpose, I inferred that this kind of excitement was a favorite remedial agent among the guests. The great majority of the visitors seemed, however, to pay little attention to play, but sat out in the pleasant garden enjoying their after dinner coffee, or walked through its shady and beautiful avenues.

It was a flying visit, and the same evening I was again in Frankfort, and on the next was on my way towards Tyrol. C. G.

Miscellaneous.

LABOR IN ENGLAND.

The Mark Lane Express, after speaking of the misery, starvation, and degradation, which some years ago prevailed so extensively in the British Isles, furnishes the following cheering description:

How changed is the picture now! Thanks to a gracious Providence, there is now no complaining in our streets; the millions were never so well fed, never so well clothed as at present.

The prosperity which commenced among the manufacturing population has reached the rural laborers.

There is no longer a merit in employing laborers; the difficulty is where to find them.

There is no longer a hardship in being compelled to employ labor; the workhouses are empty, and the poor rates are falling.

Man is no longer a weed—we may add, is not likely soon to be a weed again in England.

The problem has been solved of a self-supporting system of emigration, and to the peasantry of Ireland belongs the merit of having given the first solution of it.

If the time should ever return when two laborers shall be looking for one master, they know how to transport themselves to lands where two masters will be looking for one laborer.

The price of every article of agricultural produce is rising because the millions are consuming largely; that no one can deny; and for once in the course of our history the advance of wages precedes the advance in the cost of the laborer's food.

We will not attempt to investigate the causes of this change; we will leave the advocates and the opponents of free trade to discuss the share which it has had in producing it.

Our opinions of the effects of the new gold fields are on record—we do not expect any great monetary revolution from that cause; but the sons of toil, the men of thews and sinews who knew nothing of their own county twenty miles from home, have been tempted across the ocean by the gold fields, and the ocean has lost its terrors.

The tide of emigration has only slacked because wages in the old country are approaching the rate at which labor is remunerated in new countries.

The Turks.—We copy the following paragraphs from a letter to the Boston Traveller, dated at Constantinople, and written by one who claims to have been intimate with Turkey for several years. The writer says:—

"The same religious pride and arrogance; the same haughty contempt of the Christian nations; the same ignorance and fanaticism that prevailed two hundred years ago, still reign over almost the whole mass of common Turks. The Sultan and his Ministers, and the better informed of his people at Constantinople, Smyrna and a few other seaport towns, know, more or less, of the weakness of Turkey, compared with the other nations of Europe; but among the common people the profoundest ignorance still reigns. I have recently taken pains, several times, to sound this class, in order to bring forth their real notions of what would be the result of a war with Russia. They invariably express the greatest contempt for the power of their great enemy, and the fullest confidence in their ability to annihilate him. I said to one of them, 'I suppose you mean that with the aid of England and France you can conquer the Russians.' With an expression of supercilious scorn, he said—'The English and French! What need *we* of *them?* The Russians are nothing to us. Depend upon it, they will never *make* war upon us; but we are *going* to make war upon them.'

"Only a week or two ago a Turkish police officer into whose company I happened to fall alone, asked me, in a whisper, what was likely to be the result of the present difficulties with Russia. I told him all I knew about it. He then asked me whether I was an Englishman. I told him no, but next door to it—an American. 'Oh,' said he, 'you are among our friends. You may be sure that if you continue to show friendship to our Sultan, *he will by and by consent that you too shall have an Emperor!*' This accords with the old notion of the ignorant Turks, that the Sultan gives crowns at pleasure to the potentates of the earth.

"Some years ago, when the English government sent ships-of-war and troops to aid the Sultan, in expelling Ibrahim Pasha from Egypt, it is said, the saying was prevalent among the common Turks in Constantinople, and doubtless in other parts of Turkey, that their *Padishah* had ordered the Queen of England to furnish a certain quota of ships and men for this expedition, and that she had obeyed, as one of their own pashas would!"

The Imperfections of Great Things.—The finer the nature the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, according to the greater nobleness of its nature, liable to the bitterest blight. And, therefore, while in all things that we see or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer mean victory to honorable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success. But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults.

Clippings.

☞ If you would be happy, take the papers. We never knew a man out of humor, out of conversation, who had the latest news on his shoulders. Newspapers and happiness are brother and sister.

☞ The Human Panorama.—Mankind move on through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights that the generations carry. By these means they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of these, like the stars, shall shine forever.

☞ We never witness a tragedy from the upper boxes of a theatre, without feeling strongly inclined to drop a *tier*.

☞ The Emperor of Russia has given Rachel, the French tragedienne, $120,000 for one year's performance in his imperial theatre. This is better than spending it to skin the Turks.

☞ The First Steam Vessel.—A kettle.

☞ A judge out West, has decided that "kissing a body" while "coming through the rye" is legal. This has an important and interesting bearing on the rye culture, and on the happiness of mankind in general.

☞ The Catholics in Russia are at the present time the objects of persecution. Many Catholic priests are subjected to a punishment which is called *plete*, and which has replaced the *knout*. They give blows by thousands. A doctor assists at the execution, and it is he who, when the patient is nearly dead, causes the tortures to be suspended. They let the victim breathe, and sometimes even they carry him to the hospital, but in order to recommence until the sentence be completely executed. One of the priests thus martyred is dead, after having received more than nine thousand blows in different repetitions.

☞ A country youth, who had returned home from a visit to the city, was asked by his anxious dad if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "Oh, yes," replied the ingenious youth, "I was guarded by two constables most of the time."

☞ The next Congress will contain more new members than any previous one. Nearly two-thirds of the whole number have never been in Congress before. We expect they will behave like so many cats in a strange garret.

☞ The London Diogenes says the telegraph is not yet over the whole world, yet the wire runs from pole to pole.

☞ The census records of Europe show a list of seven thousand persons who lived to the age of one hundred years.

☞ Images of saints are seen in every Russian house; but in houses of ill-repute the law requires them to be *veiled*.

☞ Alice Carey, in a late poem, "An Autumn Rhyme," published in the National Era, has this beautiful figure:

"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall, and blossomed on the other side."

☞ There are two things which every one should do—marry early as you can afford it, and keep your life insured. One keeps want from yourself, and the other from your wife and children.

☞ New Fashion.—At Dublin, lately, the Queen wore her bonnet *on her head*.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WAR INEVITABLE.

The Arctic brings Liverpool dates to the 19th.

The Turkish declaration of war has been published in full. It is temperate in language, but high spirited. It lays no embargo upon Russian ships, and fully protects the rights of commerce.

Prussia and Austria both give indications that they will keep neutral in the difficulties growing out of the Eastern Question, and French and English diplomatists, therefore, consider that the war being confined to the Turkish frontier, will not be likely to spread throughout Europe.

When the Czar of Russia heard of the declaration of war by Turkey, he fell into a furious rage, and swore he would wage a war of extermination with the Turks.

Omer Pasha has notified the Russian Commander to clear out of the Principalities before the 25th, or he would commence hostilities. It is not supposed that the fighting will commence on the Danube, but in Georgia or on the Black Sea.

A despatch from Vienna, of the 17th ult., says that Gortschakoff, the Russian Commander in the Principalities, has replied to the Turkish summons to leave within fifteen days, that he has no authority either to commence hostilities, make peace, or to evacuate the Principalities—and that, therefore, he refuses to do either.

Old General Paskiewitch is to take the chief command of the Russian army in the Principalities.

On the 5th of October the combined fleets were observed preparing to advance for Constantinople.

The Times says that the Turkish Manifesto, is one of the strongest and most unanswerable state papers that has ever been issued during the present century.

The London Post says that, morally, Russia is already defeated, and that she will be so materially. Hostilities on the Danube and the shores of the Caspian Sea are deemed to be inevitable.

The Russian subjects in Turkey have been placed under the protection of Austria.

The Turks allow neutral flags upon the Danube up to the 25th ult., but after that, they are to be excluded.

Austria and Prussia have recalled their subjects from the Turkish service.

Circassia.—A battle was fought on the 27th September, between Schamyl and the Russians, after which the Circassians retired into the mountains. There had been a heavy loss on both sides.

A misunderstanding had taken place between the mill owners of Lancashire and the operatives, causing the most serious consequences. All the mills at Preston were closed, by which [illegible] persons were deprived of employment.

Two hundred political arrests were made at Paris on the night of the 16th. Among them M. Goodschaux, the Minister of Finance under the Provisional Government.

All was quiet throughout the country. There had been no shipment of troops; but great activity was apparent at all the navy-yards.

Manifestations of political agitation have taken place in various parts of Italy. Austria was strengthening all her posts in Italy, under apprehension of an insurrection.

The commercial advices from India and China are comparatively favorable.

The German papers announce that Austria and Prussia have ordered their subjects in the Turkish service, to return home. The Porte, however, had provided for such a contingency, so that the service will not suffer.

The number of offers of aid to the Turkish Government from the Poles, Hungarians, &c., are almost incredible. These offers are not confined to the refugees in France. Some have come from the United States, from Hungary, Poland, and Italy.

All the offers are politely and thankfully acknowledged, but no hope has been held out to the parties that their services will be accepted. The Turkish Government will probably decline such aid, if regular assistance be given by the French and English Governments.

The Sultan had represented to the Ambassadors of Foreign Governments, that he desired to settle the difficulties with Russia peaceably; but as his ancestors had gained their Empire by the sword, the Turks would perish in its support; if fate ordained that their country should pass to another master, they would quit Europe as they entered it—sword in hand.

The opinion is that the French and English will allow the Turks and Russians to fight their own battles, but if the Turks are defeated will prevent the Russians from marching on Constantinople. With this view, a protecting force might occupy a strong position between Broussa on the Danube and Kestenge on the Black Sea, or they may perhaps occupy Rodosto on the Sea of Marmora or Riestchast.

Neither France nor England are arming openly, but the forces of both countries are in a very effective condition.

Liverpool Cotton Market, October 19th.—The Cotton market has been steady, with sales during the past three days of 21,000 bales, including 4,000 on speculation, and 2,000 for export. Prices are firmer, and instances have occurred where good middling American brought one-sixteenth over the rates of Friday last.

Breadstuffs.—The market has been active during the last three days, and prices have still further advanced.

Flour.—Flour is selling freely. Baltimore and Philadelphia brands have brought 35s 6d; but parcels are held for 36s. Western Canal 34s. 6d. a 35s.; and sour flour at 31s.

Wheat.—There is an extensive demand for Wheat and prices are 2d. dearer than last advices. Fine white Wheat sells at 10s. 4d.

Corn.—The Corn market is quiet, and prices are unchanged.

Liverpool Provision Market, Oct. 19.—Beef and Pork are inactive. Lard is steady at former rates. Cheese is also without change.

Rice.—The market is quiet, and there is but little doing in Carolina.

Madame Bocarme.—A letter from Paris to one of our journals gives the following account of the recent career of this noted woman:

"Your readers will recollect what an excitement was created two or three years ago by a murder committed by a Count de Bocarme and his wife on the brother of the wife. The Count was tried and executed, and the wife acquitted. The property of the murdered brother, which was very large, fell by right to the widow, his sister. She also became, by a decision of the Court, guardian of her two children by the Count. This lady is possessed of extraordinary personal attraction, and, from this fact and the singularity of her position, her wealth, and her youth, has been the heroine of many novel adventures since the tragic deaths of her brother and husband. The French and Belgian newspapers have found in her a perfect mine of romance and originality. One *blaze* English nobleman who had sought her hand willed her all his property, and died soon after. Others travelled hundreds of miles to lay their hearts at her feet, like pilgrims going to Mecca. Several times she has been on the point of contracting an advantageous marriage, but by some means or other it has as often failed. At last 'justice has been seized of her,' as lawyers say. One of her relatives has cited her before the tribunal for the singular mode in which she administers her affairs; or, in other words, it has been discovered that she is leading a dissolute life, that her mind in slightly turned, that she is squandering her property, and setting an example of prodigality before her children which it is thought improper should longer exist. The tribunal has just decided that 'the Lydie-Victoire-Josephe Fougnies, widow of Alfred Julien Hippolyte, Count Visart of Bocarme, cannot hereafter plead, transact, borrow, receive moveable effects, and give, discharge, alienate, nor squander her hypothecated goods, &c.,' without the aid of a certain legal gentleman therein named, who has been added to her assistance by the Court in the capacity of a legal guardian."

Building Railroads With Bonds.—The fact seems to be getting generally admitted that building railroads on bonds has pretty near had its day. The Pittsburg Gazette says:

"The signs of the time pretty clearly indicate that the time for building railroads by means of county and city bonds, and even in mortgage bonds to a limited extent, is nearly past. Lines already commenced, and which have disposed of a portion of their bonds, will get through with heavy sacrifices. New roads of doubtful expediency, and which have but little foundation in *bona fide* individual subscriptions, may as well give up the struggle. They will not succeed now, whatever they may do hereafter. The country has built enough of railroads on borrowed capital, the last five years, to make it a healthy operation to stop and take a long breath and an accurate observation before entering into new experiments. We are not sorry, therefore, to know that city and county bonds, unless of the most unexceptionable character, cannot be sold in New York, and they cannot be shoved off in Europe at any price. They have enough of our bonds at the present. They wish to wait awhile, and see if all our fair promises are to be realized, before they lend us any more of their gold for our promises to pay."

Shetland Ponies.—The demand for these hardy little animals has been on the increase for several years, and the prices, in consequence, have been materially advanced. One dealer has taken about four hundred annually from off the Shetland Islands for the past five years, and the total number yearly exported, may be estimated at one thousand. Taking the average price at five pounds, there is brought into these distant isles for ponies alone at least five thousand pounds per annum, and nearly all this may be set down as the result of steam communication with Berwick. Though we name five pounds as the average, there are but few good animals now to be had under seven to eight pounds, and ten pounds are frequently paid for handsome beasts. It is not as riding ponies that so many of them leave the islands, but to supply the demand at the coal mines of England. Every coal mine, ever since female mining was abolished, requires the services of a number of ponies, and though the transition might be looked upon as a severe and sudden one to the poor pony, which is carried from the heather hills to be immured in darkness in a coal pit, the little hardy Shetlander thrives in it amazingly.

Trial by Jury in Ohio.—The Mount Vernon True Whig says:

"By the decision of the Court of Common Pleas of this county at its last term, it appears that persons accused of crime before the Probate Court cannot be compelled to be tried by a jury of six men. The law of last winter requiring a trial to be by that number is held to be unconstitutional in that particular."

NEWS ITEMS.

Judge Edmonds, of N. Y., publicly denies having consulted the spirits upon any of his official duties, or being governed by them in any degree in his decisions, as charged by the Times and other papers. He says that in all his decisions, he has consulted only the law of the land and his own unbiased judgment.

Marriage of a Belle of Louisiana.—Miss Montgomery, from Louisiana, recently married in Paris, the Count Oliver de Larochefoucault. Her father is said to be one of the richest planters in the United States.

A female slave was found in Cincinnati recently, sauntering about the streets. The officer asked her where she lived, and was answered, "I am a slave and have lost my master. We were returning to our home in Virginia." She was placed in the watch-house, and soon after her master found her, and both went down to the steamer and left for Virginia. She expressed perfect willingness to return into slavery.

Gov. Joseph A. Wright, took the premium (one dollar) for the best gallon of Indiana chestnuts, at the Indiana State Fair.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, of the Society of Friends, of this city, preached at Maysville, Ky., on Sunday, the 16th ult., to a large concourse of auditors, and though her principal topic, slavery, was spoken of rather boldly, as a curse to both master and slave, and a stain upon the honor of the Republic, yet the chivalrous Kentuckians gave her a most attentive and respectful hearing throughout. Mrs. Mott was accompanied by her husband, James Mott. Towards the close of her remarks Mrs. Mott announced that the well-known Lucy Stone would shortly speak at the same place.—*North American.*

The brig Arrow had been seized at San Francisco, on suspicion of being designed for an expedition against Sonora.

The Spanish Minister has suspended his relations with the Mexican Government, and left the capital. The cause of the difficulty has not transpired.

The Boston Bee says:—Twelve thousand bushels of cranberries were brought to that city, on Saturday, nearly all of which met with an immediate sale to provision dealers. They brought $1 75 per bushel. The public will probably be able to get them for about $3 per bushel.

White Blackbird.—Mr. E. Shephard has shown us, says the Detroit Tribune, a bird which was shot out of a flock of blackbirds. It is like other blackbirds in everything but color; its breasts, sides and part of the back are white, while the rest of the body and head are black. It is certainly a rare specimen of amalgamation.

Uncle Tom's Cabin for the Southern Market.—The Kunkel troupe of Serenaders have produced at the Charleston theatre a drama entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Freedom at the North and Service at the South, illustrating the real history of a fugitive, who, weary of living *free to starve* among Abolition bigots, returns voluntarily to slavery."

A New Method of Amputation.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says: "The Academy has received a communication from a surgeon of St. Petersburg. The climate, it seems, and the rigor of a severe winter, had led him to perform a series of experiments on frozen corpses. His success was such that he undertook amputation in a living subject, after having congealed the blood in the limb, by artificial means. Such operations are never fatal. I think I have heard of such a practice in America, but it had never been brought before the Academy."

New Orleans Trade.—The N. O. Bulletin says that the exports of raw cotton from that port, direct to Russia alone, has increased over one hundred and fifty per cent. within the last year.

Mrs. Rowley, of Dansville, slowly recovering from the effects of a broken limb, was shot through the heart by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the breast pocket of a nephew while lifting her on to a bed, a few days ago.

A man recently, while in liquor, crawled in on the top of a boiler, in a machine shop in Detroit, and dropping to sleep, was literally baked when he was discovered.

An elopement took place in Gibson County, Indiana, a few days since. A man ran away with another man's wife, the lady leaving two children behind her, probably to console her husband in loneliness, and the gentleman leaving his father a corpse to await sepulture at the hands of strangers.

Boston Boarding Houses.—The boarding-house keepers of Boston held a meeting, on Monday week, to discuss the subject of raising the price of board. It was resolved to increase the rates fifty cents a week, the same to take effect on Monday following. It was represented that the present prices are not remunerative.

A German named Charles Bachhaus, strayed off from Tippecanoe, Miami Co., Indiana, two weeks since, in a fit of delirium tremens, and his bones were found a few days ago, in the woods, the body having been *entirely devoured by dogs!* He had been a book-keeper in Hamburg, and afterwards in Cincinnati.

Education in Wisconsin.—Some idea of the liberal support extended to the schools of Wisconsin, may be gathered from the fact that the amount of the School Fund of the State, and the estimated value of the public lands appropriated for Schools and Colleges, is little less than ten millions of dollars, the interest of which is to be forever appropriated for educational purposes.

Street Temperance meetings were stopped in Washington, D. C., last Sunday week, by the police, at various points. The chief of police informed the getters up of the gatherings that the law made it his duty to arrest them if they attempted to address crowds in public thoroughfares of the city; whereupon they acquiesced, and the crowd dispersed.

No More Kite-Flying.—The old plan of depositing checks instead of money, in bank, has been put an end to by the new system of a clearing house, which has been adopted by the banks. It is estimated that the change is equal to the withdrawal of $3,000,000 from circulation.—*New York paper.*

War upon the Potato.—We soon expect to see medical and scientific works written against potatoes as an article of food. In France, the war has actually commenced, as the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France has offered a prize of one thousand francs for the best treatise "on the evils attending the universal consumption of the potato as an article of food."

Insanity.—Mrs. C. Sobdell, aged 40, residing at Purdy's Station, Westchester county, N. Y., recently lost her reason, through the influence of intense mental excitement on religious topics. On Saturday evening last, she divested herself of all her clothing, and leaving an infant of three months old asleep, she stole away from her home. Her friends were in pursuit of her.

North Carolina has just held its first State Fair. Raleigh, the capital of the State, was the scene of this remarkable event, and the commotion produced by it all over the old Commonwealth was as curious as it was praiseworthy. For a first attempt it is said to have been a very good one, and the journals of that region rightly regard it as an augury of better progress hereafter.

The Charleston Duel.—The Grand Jury refused to grant a bill against Dunovant for the killing of Legare, in the recent duel.

Slave Case.—It will be recollected that some months ago, a suit was brought in the Kenton (Ky.) Circuit Court, by Sam Norris (a man of color,) against J. N. Patton, of Virginia, to establish his freedom. The Cincinnati Columbian states the circumstances as follows:—Sam Norris has been living in Covington for several years, where he has married a free woman, and has several children. He was permitted by his master to hire his own time, paying him through his agents, Withers & Co., of this city, his annual hire, which he always did promptly. About two years since, his master, Patton, came to Cincinnati and sent for Sam to visit him, which he did at the house of his agents, Withers & Co., at which time the following agreement was made:

Patton agreed to liberate Sam, or allow him to buy himself, by paying the sum of $400 within four years. In accordance with which agreement, Sam paid at that time $144, and has paid him since $50 or $60 more. It was expressly understood that Patton was not to sell him during the four years. This part of the agreement Patton attempted to violate; to prevent which this suit was brought.

This cause was decided on Thursday week, by Judge Dyer, upon the following grounds:

1. That the statutes of Kentucky recognize only two ways of liberating slaves: 1st, by will; 2nd, by deed of emancipation.

2. That a slave, by law, is not able to enter into any contract.

3. That the fact of the agreement being entered into in Ohio, a free State, does not alter the law so long as the negro is still a slave.

4. That the contract, or agreement, was only executory between Sam and Patton, and the time fixed for his freedom was at a future day and contingent.

5. That so long as Sam was a slave, the master was entitled to his services, and the money received by him was, by law, considered his own.

The opinion was a very elaborate one, and, this being a suit of much interest, references were made by the Judge to all the authorities upon which his opinion was founded. In the conclusion of his opinion, he remarks:

"I am, therefore, unable to give any effect to the agreement, because it was made in Ohio; and I feel compelled, understanding the law of this case as I do, to decide against the plaintiff, at the same time looking upon it as a *great hardship and cruelty.*"

Conscientious Soldiers.—There has been a general gathering of the United States troops destined for California, at the Castle on Governor's Island, in New York harbor. A few weeks since, one fine Sunday morning, the soldiers, numbering about four hundred, were mustered in their best regimentals, and put under marching order for the church on the island. Before entering, the officer in command courteously halted the regiment, and gave permission for any who had conscientious scruples to leave the ranks. When the regiment again formed and proceeded on the march, it was found to number fifteen, there being three hundred and eighty-five men who had scruples of conscience against entering the sanctuary!—How many fish these absentees caught that forenoon we do not know; there were not probably fifteen among them who had conscientious scruples against baiting a hook.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

Change of Fortune.—Mr. Samuel Brannan, of San Francisco, has an annual income of $250,000. In 1840, Brannan was a poor and penniless printer in New York, and worked in the Democratic office, for Messrs. Bolton & Livingston. About nine years ago he arrived at New York from the West. A crownless hat, with coat and unmentionables to match, were not very prepossessing recommendations for the adventurer. He succeeded, however, in joining the New York division of the Mormons, and for more than a year was editor of their paper. Brannan, with three or four hundred of the persecuted saints, became attracted by the glowing description given by Fremont and others, of California. They chartered the ship Brooklyn, and immediately sailed for the future El Dorado, where Mr. B. has amassed an immense fortune.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania Election.—The official returns show the highest Democratic majority (for Supreme Judge) to be 37,415; and the lowest (for Surveyor General) 26,424. The Native Americans polled some 8,000 votes, and the Free Democracy about 3,000. The total vote falls short of that at the last Presidential election, 106,589 votes.

Vermont.—The Legislature have elected Wm. Robinson (Dem.) for Governor, by a majority of six votes.

Minnesota.—The election in this territory has resulted in the choice of a Democratic majority to both branches of the Legislature.

Political Movement.—A recent political movement has taken place among the Germans at St. Louis. A circular, signed by 400 German citizens, has been addressed to the candidates for Judges of the Criminal Court, demanding their opinions upon the three following points:

1st. "The Institution of the Grand Jury in its present shape."

2nd. "The constitutionality of the so called Sunday Laws."

3rd. "Do you believe that those laws (Sunday Laws) are truly republican, and in accordance with the liberty of the citizen?" There are said to be several thousand German voters in St. Louis, whose names have not been signed to this circular, but who are all united with its originators in the determination to overthrow the Grand Jury, the oath, and the Sunday Laws.

A Question for the Shakspearian Critics.—The New York Post inquires—Has the following from Shakespeare anything to do with the last action of the President and Cabinet in regard to Bronson:

"Off with his head: so much
For Bucking 'em!"

Decayed Politicians.—The shrewdest politician is he who never asserts his popularity, nor uses it at any time, to its fullest extent. The small politician is never satisfied but when his bow is bent. How slowly does he arrive at the knowledge, which all others possess, of the decline of that strength which could bend it so readily before! What desperation seizes upon his heart, when he finds that nobody now runs to see where his arrow strikes!

Somerset of the N. Y. Herald.—Bennet is now engaged making a regular war against the Administration. He denies that this was brought about by the refusal of the President to appoint him Minister to France, and in the course of his disclaimer, pitches into Soule, Owen and Belmont, in this wise: "Mr. Bennett thinks that on the whole he is as well qualified, in every point of view, for the mission to France, as is a French red-republican paragraphist for the mission to Spain, or as an English broken-down socialist is for the mission to Naples, or as a Jew clerk from Frankfort—become rich in Wall Street—is to become American Minister at the Hague." Poor Bennett! what a pity he did not get that mission. And he left the country too, to avoid being harassed by office-seekers, for his potential influence with the powers that be!

Collector Bronson in Answer to General Davis.—Mr. Bronson denies that he ever was a Free Soiler, or that he ever altered his opinion upon the Slavery Question. He says:—

"I declared myself opposed to any action of Congress on the subject, either by way of prohibiting or authorizing slavery in any territory where it did not already exist. This would leave the matter to be settled by the States themselves, when States should be formed.

"On the mere constitutional question, the opinion was expressed that slavery could not exist where it was not authorized by law; and, consequently that if the master removed with his slaves into a free State or Territory, the slaves would be free. Whether that opinion, so far as relates to the Territories of the United States, was well founded, is a question which may at some time be considered by our Courts of Justice; and by their decision I shall abide. But as yet, I have seen no reason to change my opinion on the subject; and shall not, therefore, invoke the aid of 'the compact of 1852' to cover up any old heresy in politics."

A public dinner is to be given the removed Collector by a number of his legal and mercantile friends.

Ad Valorem Duties.—The New York Herald has come out against ad valorem, and in favor of specific duties. It says, the ad valorem system has nearly or quite exploded. An experience of seven years has satisfied all practical men that it is the cover for all sorts of rascality and favoritism; that it is irregular and unjust in its operation; that it is too complicated, and leads to litigation, delay, impositions and all sorts of annoyances; that it is, in fact, defective throughout, and never should have been adopted. In 1846 it was partially a new feature, and as the governments of this country have ever been particularly fond of experiment, it was accepted. A fair trial has been given, and it has failed utterly.

Ohio.—The Ohio election returns have all been received officially at Columbus, the State capital, except for the counties of Anglaize, Scioto, and Henry, and the following are the totals on the vote for Governor:—Medill, Dem., 144,925; Barrere, Whig, 84,270; Lewis, Free Soil, 50,150; Medill's plurality over Barrere, 60,555; majority over both Barrere and Lewis, 10,396.

The Senate will stand 26 Democrats, 7 Whigs, 2 Free Soil; and the House, 70 Democrats, 17 Whigs, and 9 Free Soilers—making on joint ballot 96 Democrats, 24 Whigs, and 11 Free Soilers.

Temperance Politics.—The vote cast for the Temperance candidates in Pennsylvania, in the recent contest, is estimated at 45,000 by the Harrisburg Crystal Fountain, of which number 11,311 are set down to the credit of Philadelphia.

Tennessee.—Hon. John Bell, (Whig,) has been elected U. S. Senator. He received 50 votes.

From California and Australia.—Since our last, the Northern Light and Ohio have arrived, with over two and a-half millions of dollars. The Ohio brings the mails.

An accident happened on the Panama Railroad, on the 1st ult., of quite a serious character. The train which contained the passengers and the mails by the steamer Illinois, whilst passing over the road, came in collision with a bull near Tabernilla, whilst crossing a bridge, throwing the engine off the track, and precipitating the cars into a ravine nineteen feet deep. The locomotive and five cars were smashed, and the bridge completely destroyed. One Irishman, and a native employed about the bridge, were the only persons killed. Patrick Howard, a passenger had both legs broken, and several other persons, chiefly those attached to the Railroad Company, were more or less bruised.

Later news from the Pacific coast, states that the Peruvian Government had promised full satisfaction for the outrage perpetrated at the Chincha Islands, but Mr. Clay, being dissatisfied with the course pursued by the Peruvian Government in the matter, had referred the matter to his own.

A further shipment of Australian gold, amounting to $15,000, had arrived at Panama by Adams's Express. Also, Melbourne dates to the 8th of August. The mining intelligence continued, on the whole, to be favorable. A number of new and rich mines had been discovered. The price of gold was 77s. 6d. A Government gold escort had been attacked by a gang of Bush-rangers, and robbed of nearly $1,000 in gold. Several of the guards and four of the robbers were killed, and all comprising the escort were more or less wounded.

Ancient Silver Mines.—The Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Whig gives a long and interesting account of the recent opening and exploration of a mine of argentiferous galena in Pequea Valley, Lancaster County, which was known and worked prior to the Revolutionary War. The old shafts have been cleaned out by direction of some Philadelphia capitalists, and the ore assayed by Dr. Fahnestock, of Lancaster, who pronounces it to contain upwards of five hundred dollars' worth of silver to the ton of lead. Professor Booth and other chemists have also made assays, it is stated, and with similar results. The ore yields about eighty per cent. of lead. Copper and zinc ores are also found in the same place, which contains a considerable amount of silver, though the exact quantity has not yet been ascertained. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the shafts and tunnels were carefully closed up, and all operations ceased; and subsequently all traces of the mine were lost and forgotten.

"Numerous 'trial pits' of more or less depth are spread over the surface to the distance of nearly half a mile, as if the vein had been carefully and diligently proved on the surface, before definite arrangements for permanent mining had been made. Mr. Bowen has already found some six or seven implements, all of different and peculiar structure, and such as *regular miners* alone could use. From the very midst of these shafts, and towering from the dirt heaps themselves, are trees of considerable age, two of which we judge, are seventy years old. The spot was covered with trees some fifteen years ago."

Reverse of Fortune.—A lady, well known and long respected as an eminent teacher in New York, died at the advanced age of 80, a few days since, in the City Alms-House. She was formerly the Directress of a fashionable Boarding-School. For twenty-five years she was very successful, and had accumulated $50,000, which she invested in *Fire Insurance* Stock, in 1835. Her losses by the great fire, ruined her *fortune and prospect*, and too proud to apply to *friends*, she went to the City Alms-House, where she has lived some years, and died as stated. This lady was highly educated, possessed polished manners, led an exemplary life, was a most useful member of society, had educated hundreds of young ladies, and yet doomed to die in an Alms-House.

Alleged Cure for Hydrophobia.—Doctor Cooper of this borough, claims to have discovered a certain cure for this terrible complaint. In consequence of the inability of the patients to take liquids, he has reduced the ingredients into an extract and then into pills. It is said to be a sovereign remedy. The receipt is—Alcoholic extract of Red Chickweed and Skullcap in equal parts, made into four grain pills; three given three times a day for nine days. Spasms will be stopped in twenty-four hours; and the continuance for nine days is to prevent relapse, by bracing up the system against the disease. Should this prove a certain cure for hydrophobia, it will be a feather in the doctor's cap.—*West Chester Republican.*

The Late Snow-Storm.—On Monday week, snow, to the depth of one and a half inches, fell about sixty-five miles above Petersburg, Va. At Hollidaysburg, Pa., the snow is reported to have fallen to a depth of one foot, and two feet deep on the mountains near that place, by four o'clock on Monday afternoon, at which hour it was still snowing. At Harrisburg, sufficient snow fell to cover the ground some six inches, had it not melted. Four or five inches of snow fell at Albany, on the same afternoon and night, but only served to make pedestrianism disagreeable. Snow also fell at Rochester and Poughkeepsie, N. Y. At Staunton, Va., it was from twelve to fifteen inches deep, in many places, it is said, breaking the limbs of trees.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The following are among the interesting articles on exhibition:—

In the eastern end of the Lower Saloon two splendid mantles, made of marbleized iron, attract much attention, and are greatly admired. These elegant affairs are got up in imitation of the rarest and most costly marbles, and the counterfeit is so good as almost to defy detection. They bear a most beautiful polish, and possess many advantages over the old fashioned marble article.

Two Sewing Machines are in operation in this part of the building, and crowds are constantly gathered around the spot to witness the operation of this wonderful contrivance. Every kind of sewing, coarse or fine, from a green bag to the neatest stitching, is done by them with equal facility, and with the most astonishing rapidity. Apart from the specimens of needlework executed on the spot, and distributed among visitors, there are also several articles which are exhibited as evidences of what the apparatus is capable of performing; a coat, several pairs of cloth and leather gaiters, and several pieces of work upon which very ornamental stitching has been put, attest the capability of this invention for performing the finest work in a style the most skillful needlewoman could not surpass. Singer's great invention was made in 1851; since that time not less than 3,000 of the machines have been put in use in different parts of the Union. Each machine will do the work of ten active women, and many a poor female, with one or two of them in operation, is enabled to support a family comfortably. Some establishments in this city have as many as ten machines in constant use. We consider the Sewing Machines one of the most wonderful inventions of this inventive, labor saving age.

In the Upper Saloon, John T. Hammitt's Patent Car Seat is an object of universal interest. The strong necessity which has so long existed for some convenient means by which weary travellers can sleep while performing long journeys, and the certainty that Mr. Hammitt's invention will furnish the long sought desideratum, makes this ingenious seat an object of general curiosity and inquiry. Many try the experiment of converting the seat into a couch and back again into a seat in an instant, and all are satisfied of the perfect adaptation of the plan to the desired object. Hammitt's Car Seats will rank with the most important inventions of the day, and they solve a problem which has long occupied the attention of inventors.

Dead.—The Sleeping Man, Cornelius Vrooman, whose five years' sleep has formed a subject of wonder and curiosity, died on Monday, the 17th ult., at the residence of his brother, in Clarkson, N. Y. He was lately exhibited in New York city, but was taken sick, which seemed to induce a wakeful state for a short period, followed by a stupor, with intervals of wakefulness, until he was taken home on the 14th ult. The Rochester Democrat says:

"He talked but very little, inquiring after his mother, who had been dead two years, his father and brothers, whom he seemed partially to recognize. He complained of great internal heat, and soreness of his throat and stomach. On the morning of the day of his death he called for food, and ate a hearty meal, and from that time seemed to be in pain until about 2 o'clock, P. M., when he died without a struggle. His age was some 31 years."

Temperance Machinery.—A new scheme of operations against non-licensed retailers of liquor has been devised in various parts of New York State. It is called the Carson League, and is somewhat singular in its organization. For instance, the Carson League in one county commences with a nominal capital of one million of dollars, subscribed by ardent teetotallers, upon which stock assessments of fifty cents on the thousand dollars are levied, all of which are used to pay agents and legal expenses for prosecuting offenders against the excise laws.

Singular Accident.—A daughter of Michael Youngs, aged four and one-fifth years, of Sussex, N. J., fell upon the floor with a needle two and a quarter inches long sticking in its apron, and which was partly driven into the chest and broken off. The doctors could not find the piece of the needle, and the child lingered in great agony for four weeks, when it died, and a *post mortem* examination revealed a piece of the needle, one inch and a quarter long, lying loose in a large collection of matter, entirely within the heart's substance.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 171—Adults 85 and children 86.

MR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

☞ Mr. W. G. Butler, of Millersburgh, Centre Co., Penn., had been afflicted with Liver Complaint for a number of years, and was cured by the Pills. A young lady of his acquaintance was also greatly relieved by them.

Jacob Widner, Postmaster at Covington, O., says that they sell very fast, and that he does not consider his stock of medicine complete without them.

The wife of Mr. James Stewart, of Richmond, Jefferson Co., O. was cured of most distressing pains by their use.

W. H. Ainsworth, of Varysburgh, N. Y., considers these Pills the best medicine of the kind ever offered. The lot he had on hand sold rapidly, and gave the highest satisfaction.

James Jones, of Wilkins township, Allegheny Co., Penn., says his wife used two boxes, which did her more good than their family physician for two years.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

SORE THROAT.

Coughs, Consumption, Pain in various parts of the body, and other unpleasant symptoms, are the effects of catching cold.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a delightful medicine for carrying off a cold, because they purge from the body all morbid and corrupt humors in an easy and natural manner. From three to six of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, make a perfect cure of the most obstinate cold—at the same time the blood and other fluids will be thoroughly purified, and the constitution so completely invigorated, that the body will be restored to even sounder health than before.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of HEISTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

SICK AND AFFLICTED!!

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is now the universally prescribed and generally used Medicine, for the cure of Consumption and consumptive pulmonic complaints, for Coughs, Colds, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side, Oppression or Shortness of Breath, Tickling in the Throat, Inflammation of the Tonsils, or Croup, it can be employed with the most beneficial results. No medicine can approach it in popularity, and no preparation is more entitled to public confidence. Use no "Cherry" preparation but "Swayne's," warranted the "original and only genuine." Laboratory, No. 4 North Seventh St., Philadelphia. For sale everywhere. 1t

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 29 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6's '56	103½	—	Kensington	68½	70
" '62	112½	—	P Township	31	35
" '67	122½		Girard	12½	13
" '68	122½	—	Western	72	73
" 5s '53	102	—	Man& Mechs	30½	31
" '65	108	—	Bk of Com	66	66½
July Interest off			Camden N J	56½	60
Philada 6s	104	104½	Germantown	61	—
" 5s	96½	97	Trent Bk Co	26½	—
" 6sGas	103	103½	Pitt'bg Bk	57	57½
County 5s	93	101½	M & M Pitts	57½	58
Penna 6s	100	—	Exchange Pitts	57	—
" 5s	90½	91	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Louis, Ky	110	111
Tennessee 5s	91	91½	Kentucky Bk	110	111
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	112½	113½
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Union, Tenn	92½	93½
Texas-T Notes	40	45	Plant's, Tenn	93	94
" Bds 8s	65	70	Vicksburg	13	13½
Schuyl N 6s	74	75	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	93	93½	N O Gas Bk	120	125
" Int Loan	94	94½	Schuyl Nav	19	20
" Mort 6s	100½	101	" pref'd to	27½	27½
C & D C'l 6s	91	92	Lehigh Nav	64	66
C & Am R Bds	93½	94	C & Del Cal	146	148
Bea Mdw R 6s	86	90	Morris Cl	14	14½
Susqueh Cl 6s	58	59	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	20
Norrist'n R 6s	96	—	Union Cl	12	12½
Harris R 6s	97	97½	Cam&Am R	147	148
Wil R 6s	93	93½	Penna R	46	46½
Read R 6s	78	78½	Bea Mdw R	34½	35
" Mort 6s	90	91	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	3½	4	North Am Cl	14	14½
N Amer Bk	130	132	Susqueh Cl	11½	12
Penna Bank	120½	121	Norristown R	51	53
Philadelphia	135	140	Harrisburg R	53½	54
Far & Mec	74½	75	Reading Road	36	36½
Commercial	66½	67	Wilmington R	39½	40½
N Liberty	55½	—	Minehill R	63	65
Mechanics	32½	32½	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Southwark	68	70	N W Min Co	—	25
			L'g Island R R	13½	13½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 2,000 head. Beeves are selling from $7,70 to 9,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—They are selling from $7 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $19 to 40. Calves are selling from 4 to 5½c per lb, live weight, and at good demand. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 5. The latter from $1,50 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCTOBER 30.

Ashes are in moderate demand, with sales of 40 bbls, $5,62½a5,68¾ for Pots and $5,50a5,75 for pearls.

Cotton—The market is firmer, with a moderate demand. The Board of Brokers report 1,100 bales.

Flour, &c.—The market for State and Western Flour opened firm with an active demand for export and home use, and at the close prices were 6¼ cents higher on low grades. The firmness in freights had the effect to check transactions somewhat. The sales are 17,000 bbls, at $6,43¾a6,50 for common to straight State, and $6,43¾a6,50 for mixed to fancy Michigan, and common to good Ohio. Canadian is held at $6,75a6,81; Southern Flour is a shade firmer, with a fair demand; sales 700 bbls at $6,87½ a7 for mixed to straight brands; $7a7,06¼ for favorite and $7,12½a7,50 for fancy. Rye Flour is firm, with small sales at $4,50a4,75. Corn Meal is dull at $4,06¼ a4,12½ for Jersey.

Grain—Prime Wheat is a little firmer, with an active demand and limited supply, while common is dull and without change. The sales include 18,000 bush common to prime White Michigan at $1,48a 1,56; 12,500 inferior to good Canadian, $1,43a1,50; 5,200 Northern Indiana White $1,48a1,50; 10,000 White Ohio $1,47a1,48; 9,500 good Genesee $1,60, and 6,000 Red Southern $1,41. Rye is firm at 93a95c without sales. Corn is firmer, with a fair demand. The sales include 27,000 bushels at 70a71 for Western mixed; 76a76½ for mixed Southern; 77a78c for Southern yellow, and 78a80 for white Southern. Oats are firmer, and in fair demand at 47a50c for State and Western.

Provisions—Pork is steady, with sales of 325 bbls at $15,50a16 for Mess, and $13a13,12½ for Prime. Beef is unchanged, with sales of 1,500 bbls. Lard is dull with sales of 120 bbls and tcs at 11½a11¾ cents. Beef Hams, Prime Mess Beef, &c., dull.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 29, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been but a limited amount of business doing since our last weekly report, owing to the continued stringency of the money market.—Cotton has been unsettled, and prices have again declined. Breadstuffs are rather lower. Flour and Wheat have met a moderate inquiry, but Corn has been excessively dull. Rye is in good demand, but Oats are less active. Coal is active, and free sales are making, both for shipment Eastward and for the supply of the trade. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are held firmly, but the sales have been on a very restricted scale. The Iron market is firm, but there is very little stock left to operate in. Lead is held firmly.—The season for Lumber is about over. Mackerel continues scarce and prices rule high. Plaster is in demand at the advance noted last week. Provisions are held firmly, and the stock of all descriptions are extremely small, but the demand has been limited. In Oils no changes. Prices of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are steady, but Spirits of Turpentine has declined. Cloverseed is more inquired after, and supplies come in slowly. Brandy continues to have an upward tendency. Whiskey is lower. Tallow is scarce and in demand. In Teas and Tobacco the sales have been confined to the wants of the trade, without change in prices. The Wool market is inactive. Freights to Europe are firm at last week's quotations, but to the South there is very little going forward.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been moderate, the inspections amounting to 23,900 bbls. There has been a fair export demand at the decline noted at the close of last week, and about 15,000 bbls have been disposed of at $6,50 per bbl, part declined, including some Brandywine at $6,50; 300 bbls extra at $6,87½, and 700 bbls Eagle Mills extra at $7. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the trade at $6,50a7,25 for common and extra brands, and $7,50a8,25 for fancy lots. Rye Flour is scarce; small sales at $5a5,25.—Corn Meal is but little inquired after, and prices are barely supported; sales of 700 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,94a3,96 per bbl.

Inspections for the week ending the 27th inst.

Wheat Flour, bbls			23,908
Rye	do	do	182
Corn Meal	do		2,055

F. Van Zant, Per N. English.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat, and prices remain without change. The supplies have increased, a considerable portion of which has been stored for better prices; sales of 45,000 bushels at $1,41a1,45 per bushel for fair and prime red; $1,45 a1,48 for mixed; $1,41a1,42 for Southern, and $1,45 for Pennsylvania white. Rye continues in demand, and is taken on arrival at 88c. Corn is dull and lower, 18a20,000 bushels yellow sold at 78a79c, and white at 75a77c, doing to-day at 76c for yellow. Oats are not so active; sales of Delaware at 44a46c per bushel, and Pennsylvania at 48a50c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork is but little inquired after, and no sales have come under our notice. Mess is held at $17 50 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $16,50. Bacon has been quiet and prices are unchanged; sales of Hams at 12a13c; Sides 8⅛a8½c, and Shoulders at 8c. Lard is scarce; small sales of bbls at 12c, and kegs at 13 cts per lb, 4 mos. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been but a small business doing, both among the jobbing and commission houses, but prices are unchanged. In Boston there is less activity in the Cotton Goods trade, in part owing to the tightness of the money market and the advanced state of the season. Stocks of all desirable goods there are light, and, as holders are not urging sales, buyers purchase in lots as wanted at previous rates. Brown Sheetings have been in fair demand, and prices are steady and firm. Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings have been in moderate request at quoted rates. Brown Drills have been in fair demand.

BARK—Is dull. No 1 Quercitron is nominal at $35 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is in limited request. Small sales of good yellow at 27a27½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices are steady for all descriptions, and there has been rather more inquiry for Sperm.

COAL—There is no new feature to present in the market this week. The demand continues active, both for shipment and city consumption, and prices tend upward. The market is bare of Bituminous Coal, and there is none offering. We quote at 18c.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals this week, and the market has been quiet. Sales of 800 bags Rio at 11a11½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Prices are steady; small sales of English Sheathing at 28a29c, and Yellow Metal at 23a24 cts per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled during the past week, but at the close there is more firmness, in consequence of the favorable advices from Europe. The demand has been limited, and prices have ruled irregularly. Sales of 350 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9a12c per lb.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is a steady business doing, without change in prices. Soda Ash ranges from 2¼a3c per lb. Sales of Cochineal at $1,25a1,35, and Prussiate of Potash at 31c, all on time.

FEATHERS—Small sales of good to prime Western at 50a52c per lb. There are very few coming in.

FISH—Some small lots of Mackerel are arriving, which remain unsold. Sales in lots from store at $18, 16 and $10 per bbl for the three Nos, and small Fish at lower quotations. About 500 barrels pickled Herring sold at $4. In Codfish, no change.

FRUIT—An import of 9,658 whole, half and quarter boxes Malaga Raisins have been disposed of on private terms. Sales of 3a4,000 pkgs at $3,25, 1,65 and 90c. 100 boxes Malaga Lemons sold on private terms. Sales of Dried Apples at 6¼a6½c per lb, part to go out of the market. There are but few arriving. The crop of Apples this year will be a failure. Green Apples are scarce, and sell at $2,50 to 5 per bbl, as in quality. Dried Peaches of the new crop come in slowly. Sales of prime pared at 11½a12c per lb, and unpared halves at $2,25a2,75 per bushel. The crop of Dried Peaches this year in Delaware, New Jersey and the West will be a fair one. Cranberries are beginning to arrive more freely. Sales at $9 per bbl for good and prime.

GINSENG—There is nothing doing, and prices are nominal.

GUANO—Is in demand at our former quotations, but there is very little offering; sales of Super Phosphate of Lime at $50 per ton.

HEMP—Is held firmly, but no sales have transpired.

HIDES—There have been no further sales since our last notice.

HOPS—The demand is limited. Small sales at 32 a35c per lb for old, and 36a37c for new.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but no sales have been reported.

IRON—Prices are firm for all descriptions, but the receipts are trifling, and there is very little stock to operate in. Sales of 300 tons Anthracite at $35 per ton, 6 mos, for No 3, and $37 for No 2. 300 tons Charcoal sold on private terms. Scotch Pig sells in lots at $37 a38, 6 months. There is a fair inquiry for Bars and Boiler Iron at former rates.

LEAD—Is held firmly. Sales of 300 pigs Galena at 7 cts.

LEATHER—The market continues nearly bare of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are firm.

LUMBER—Laths are in steady demand at $2,12½ per M; 500,000 extra sold at $2,25. Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards are dull at $13½a15 per M feet. There are no Spruce Joist coming in.

There were shipped by Lehigh during the week ending the 22d inst.

	Feet	2,137,338
Previously		41,629,571
Total this season		43,766,909

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, and the only sales reported is a lot of New Orleans at 29c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—About 1,000 barrels Common Rosin sold at $1,75a1,87½ per bbl, and some Soap at $2,12½a2,50. Tar is steady at $4, and Pitch at $2. Spirits of Turpentine is lower; sales of 300 bbls at 67a71c, cash and on time.

OILS—Considerable sales of Whale Oil have been effected from the wharf at full rates. There is also a good demand for lots from store. Lard Oil is in fair request at 80c for Summer, and 95c for Winter. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 70a72c per gallon.

Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States for the week ending 24th inst:

	Bbls sp.	Bbls.	Lbs bone.
Boston	70		
Provincetown	10		
New York	725		
Providence	1,500		
Total for the week	2,305		
Previously	86,663	256,685	3,080,705
From Jan. 1 to date	88,968	256,685	3,080,705
Same time last year	69,207	81,553	1,209,400

PLASTER—Is scarce, and has again advanced. Sales of Soft at $3,50a3,62½ per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited. Small sales at $4a4,50, as in quality.

SALT—All the recent arrivals of Liverpool were previously contracted for and reported.

SEEDS—The receipts of new Cloverseed continue extremely small. We quote at $5,87½a6,25 per 64 lbs. Sales of old have been made at the latter quotation. Timothy sells in lots at $3a3,25. Flaxseed, if here, would command $1,45a1,50 per bushel.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—Brandy is in good demand at full rates. In Gin no change. N. E. Rum is scarce. Sales at 28a30c. Whiskey is dull and lower. Sales of 800 bbls at 32c; hhds sell at the same figure.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and only 12a1,300 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico were disposed of at 4½a6c, on time, and 1,000 boxes Cuba on private terms.

TALLOW—Is scarce; sales of Rendered at 11½a 11¾ per lb.

TEAS—There has been a fair inquiry for the supply of the trade, and prices are steadily maintained.

TOBACCO—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been confined to the wants of the trade.

WINES—Prices are steady for all descriptions, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The stringency of the money market, and the downward tendency in the prices of Woollen Goods has flattened the Wool market, and the sales this week only amount to 80,000 lbs at 38a60c per lb, 4 and 6 mos.

FREIGHTS to Liverpool are firm at 4s per bbl for Flour, and 13d per bushel for Grain, at which rates some engagements have been made by the packets. The ship Dashing Wave is still on the berth for California, and considerable engagements have been made at 60a70c per foot. To the South there is but little offering, but the rates are steady. We quote to New Orleans and Mobile at 8a10c per foot; to Charleston 4a6, and to Savannah 4a6 cts; to Galveston 15c per foot. Colliers are in good demand at $2,80 per ton to Boston, below bridges; $2,70 to Rhode Island, and $1,20a1,35 to New York. To Boston there is a fair amount offering at our last quotations, viz: 30c for Flour, 14c for Grain; 7a8 cts for measurement goods, and 3a3,25 for Iron.—*Inquirer.*

ALMANAC.

Nov., 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES. D. H. M.
5 Saturday,	6 55	5 5	6 11	
6 Sunday,	6 56	5 4	7 12	
7 Monday,	6 57	5 3	8 9	
8 Tuesday,	6 58	5 2	9 2	New 1 3 53
9 Weds'day,	6 59	5 1	9 51	First 7 7 26
10 Thursday,	7 0	5 0	10 36	Full 15 1 14
11 Friday,	7 1	4 59	12 20	Last 23 5 47
12 Saturday,	7 3	4 57	12 2	New 30 2 23

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Trinity Church, New York, on the 23d ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, William E. Stone, of this city, to Sarah L. Tillotson, of N. York.

On the 25th ult. at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Samuel W. Randall, to Harriet A. daughter of John D. George, Esq. both of this city.

At Friends' Meeting House, West Chester, on the 20th ult. George Rhoads, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth Letchworth, of Chester county.

On the 20th ult. by Charles Gilpin, Esq. Mayor, Edward S. Campbell, of Philadelphia, Attorney-at-Law, to Mary W. daughter of Wm. Corse, Esq. of Baltimore county, Md.

On the 23d ult. by John D. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Peter Foster, of Kensington, to Miss Laura M. Thomas, of Little York, Pa.

On the 16th ultimo, Mr. H. Baker, to Elizabeth Vandergrift, formerly Miss Coon, daughter of Christopher Coon, of Holmesburg.

At Camden, N. J. on the 23d ult. by the Rev. T. Taylor, Mr. Garret S. Hibbs, to Miss Mary Cremmer, both of Camden.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. John Wilson, to Miss Rachel Kean, both of Philadelphia.

In New York, on the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, William R. Duncan, to Julia R. daughter of John R. Vodges, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D. in Gloria Dei Church, Mr. Thomas B. Long, to Miss Rachel S. Brearley, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. D. W. Partine, Mr. Joseph F. Inkswell, to Miss Caroline Little, both of this city.

On the 3d ult. by the Rev. Geo. Sheets, Mr. William J. Kedward, Jr. to Miss Nancy Stott, all of Frankford.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. James Sewell, Mr. Stephen W. Morris, to Maria Iseminger.

On the 25th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Chas. Gilpin, Esq. Mayor, Joseph Bishop, of Springfield, Delaware county, Pa. to Martha Stokes, of Medford, Burlington county, N. J.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. William Stoddard, to Miss Matilda J. Mawhinney, both of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Chamouni, near the Falls of Schuylkill, on the 22d ult. Torrey Johnson, in his 15th year.

In Manayunk, on the 25th ultimo, Samuel Wood, aged 12 years.

On the 25th ult. Eliza Gartside, aged 22 months.

On the 26th ult. Hannah, wife of Samuel Shillingsburg.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. Margaret McFee, aged 85 years.

On the 25th ult. William, son of John and Eliza Steeples, aged 11 years.

On the 24th ult. Kate Abell, daughter of Wm. and Mary J. Ellis, aged 3 years.

On the 25th ult. John Denver, aged 75 years.

On the 29th inst. Thomas, son of Thomas L. and Sarah Sanders, aged 10 months.

On the 25th ult. Uriah R. Ralston, of Kingsessing, aged 57 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Barbara, wife of Christopher Buck, aged 78 years.

On the 28th ult. at Gloucester Point, N. J., Catharine P. Neil, aged 55 years and 6 months.

On the 26th ult. Louisa Barry, daughter of Jos. Q. and Louisa Harris, aged 15 months.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Catharine M'Cully, aged 78 years.

In Camden, on the 24th ult. Miss Emeline Dilton, aged 24 years.

On the 24th ult. Hugh Bennett, aged 47 years.

On the 24th ult. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Lark, aged 32 years.

On the 25th ult. John G. Wilson, aged 50 years.

On the 25th ult. Sarah Henderson, aged 21 years and 5 months.

On the 24th ult. at Allentown, Pa., A. Emil, son of Solomon and Julie Doebely, aged 20 years and 9 mos.

On the 24th ult. Eliza Johnston, aged 30 years.

At Port Carbon, Pa. on the 23d ultimo, Rebecca Cockhill.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Rebecca Hart, aged 62.

On the 23d ult. John D. son of James S. and Matilda Page, aged 10 months.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Daniel Biggs, aged 72.

On the 23d ult. Catharine, wife of Alex. Daly, aged 35 years.

On the 24th ult. Jacob Darr, aged 44 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. Charles Allen, aged 21 years.

On the 23d ult. James Henry, son of Henry and Mary Ashworth, aged 10 months.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Mary, wife of Jas. L. Phillips, aged 33 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Sarah Ann Paul, aged 23 years.

On the 30th ult. Ellen, wife of Wm. Adams, aged 22 years.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS,
No. 32½ South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 5, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	1 dis
All other solv'nt Bks	par
Relief notes	¼a1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford Sal'm, Bridgeton, Cam'd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Com'l Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent Banks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore Banks	¼ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury Havre de Grace Far & Millers	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent Banks	¼ dis
NEW YORK	
City Banks	par a¼ dis
Solvent co Bks	½ dis
James Bk	20 dis
New Rochelle	20 dis
Far Bk Onondaga	20 dis
MAINE	
Mercan Bk Bangor	1½ dis
All other solv'nt Bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent Bks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent Banks	½ dis

CONNECTICUT	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Bk N Ame Seymour	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent Banks	¼ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Phoenix B'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country Banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All Banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	30 dis
Bk of Norwalk	40 dis
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Small notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bk of Illinois	30 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free Bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
East Tennessee	10 dis
MICHIGAN	
Gov't Stock Bk	1½ dis
All solvent Banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS	
All Banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
All Banks	uncertain
TEXAS	
Commercial & Agricultural Bk Galveston	10 pr ct

Issues of 1, 2 and 3 dollar bills, dated at Washington City, and resembling New York City and State issues, should be refused by the public—as a number of them have failed and are worthless.

Franklin Institute.—This popular exhibition was opened last Tuesday. In a neat frame at the north side of the upper saloon will be found the Fall Fashion Plate of F. Mahan, No. 211 Chesnut Street. It is engraved and colored most beautifully, as all who know aught of the liberality of Mr. Mahan will readily judge. The likeness of Thomas H. Benton is capital, and the other figures are remarkably well drawn and arranged. Mahan's fashions have always held a high position in the garment-making world, and this effort of the publisher, it is but just to say, transcends all similar ones, either in Europe or America.—*Scott's Weekly Paper, Oct. 29, 1853.*

The Mahan fashion plate is properly exhibited as the true authority from the fickle dame herself.—*American Courier.* 1t*

To Violin Players.—Winner's Collection of Violin Music, containing many new and popular airs, arranged in an easy manner in the first position. Published and for sale by Chas. H. Davis, Bookseller and Stationer, 62 North Eighth Street, above Arch. Price 50 cents. oct29-2t

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME.

The year is drawing to a close. But two numbers are yet to be issued of the volume of "Graham" for 1853, when 1854 will be upon us. The "Magazine year" is necessarily anticipated, and is not reckoned by the ordinary rules. The January number must be manufactured in November, and complete copies, as sample numbers for agents, should be ready by the first of December; for, with the first of that month, all contracts for the year are filled, and *the renewal of clubs* and single subscribers commences.

In announcing his readiness to receive orders for the new volume, the editor does not know that he has any very brilliant ideas to hold out in large capitals to dazzle people's eyes—"Graham" will be pretty much what it has been this volume, with some improvements which experience suggests. No number will contain less than 100 pages of reading matter, and the readers of "Graham" may rely with great confidence upon *this*—that the volume shall contain

OVER TWELVE HUNDRED PAGES

of the very best reading matter that capital can command from original sources, or taste select from the vast mass of available material.

The aim of the editor will be to produce a publication which shall be valuable in matter, and choice in taste and style; and he flatters himself, from the known talents of his contributors, that he will be able to present as many *good original* articles to his readers as any publication of the day. He shall not however, hesitate to publish, from time to time, articles from English authors, and translations from the best German and French writers, provided the pieces have never before appeared in print in this country. Essays on important political subjects will likewise be inserted, and criticisms on the literature of America and the movements of the age. The review department, in which a large and liberal spirit of criticism will always be maintained will be extended.—For the defence of American literature, the editor will always be ready; for the maintenance of a correct tone in the magazine, he will, if possible, be still more watchful.

Each Number will Contain an Engraving, from a Splendid Steel Plate,

in addition to the choice designs and engravings of Devereux, who will still supply illustrations for the text in the body of the book. The aim of the editor will not be, so much to increase the *number* of his engravings, as to secure for those he publishes the *utmost finish* which the artist can give them; for common wood cuts are so easily multiplied, that the most indifferent publication may outrank in dreary display the choicest periodical.

The editor does not feel, that with his own readers he can increase his claims to their respect, by insisting on any very great superiority of "Graham" over several similar publications, but thinks he may safely confide in their friendship for the magazine, and in its past management for its present list, and such increase as naturally grows out of an extended circulation in a country where readers are multiplying so rapidly.

Of the January number, the first edition will be 70,000 copies, and the editor trusts his old friends will be prompt in *renewing old clubs*, and extending the list among *new ones*, that the first edition shall be but half of what the year will ultimately establish as the permanent circulation of "Graham."

Postage.—Subscribers in any part of the United States may now receive the magazine, by mail, at *three cents a number, or thirty-six cents a year, postage*, payable at the Post-Office where it is received.

Post Masters and Editors all over the Union, are respectfully requested to act as Agents for the New Volume.

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The terms of "Graham" are Three Dollars for single subscribers, if paid in advance. For Six Dollars, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one Post-Office:

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The money for Clubs always must be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,
GEORGE R. GRAHAM, Editor,
No. 50 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ N. B.—*Any person desirous of receiving a copy of "Graham," as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Editor by letter (post-paid.)*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, as an advertisement, or a condensed portion of it in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

AWARD OF PREMIUMS!

The illness of the Editor prevented the careful examination necessary to the announcement of the premiums offered to the getters up of Clubs for the volume which closed with July. The largest premium is by all odds the property of the estate of the late Major Godman, of Columbia, South Carolina, whose list, covering the whole of South Carolina, reaches to five hundred and thirty-seven subscribers to Graham. Many of the others cover from ten to fifteen different post-towns, but the names were forwarded by the individuals named below, to whom the balance of the cash prizes belong:

S. A. GODMAN, S. C.,	(537 names)	$200
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oct18-eow4t

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Where a medicine is acknowledged by all who have tried it to have accomplished the ends claimed. It is the part of folly to attempt to sneer it down by endeavoring to affix upon it the opprobrium of "quackery." Men do not ordinarily rush into the fire with their eyes open. Least of all, does a sensible person, who has once used a medical preparation without obtaining any aid therefrom, voluntarily choose the same for himself again, or recommend it to others.

If the Cherry Pectoral be a mere humbug, how happens it that so many of the most respectable persons in this country and in foreign lands have assured the world to the contrary? Are those the men to be imposed upon? Cannot they judge of what they certify? And will any charge them with falsifying?

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If Cherry Pectoral be worthless, why such a letter as the following from the able and enterprising Editor of the Ellicottville (N. Y.) Whig, who, under date of Nov. 30, 1852, thus writes:

Dr. J. C. Ayer,
My Dear Sir—
The Patent Medicine men are getting numerous in this quarter, but I refuse to publish their advertisements, because I claim to be somewhat of a benefactor to mankind, and cannot crowd upon them nostrums and poisons. The "Cherry Pectoral" is none of these. I am satisfied from personal application.
JAS. T. HENRY.

The writer of the above is too well known in his section of the country, as a high minded and intelligent man, to need any endorsement. Think you he knows whereof he speaks?

What of the following from an eminent clergyman of the Prot. Episcopal Church:

Clarksville, Ala., Feb. 9th, 1853.

Jas. C. Ayer, Esq.,
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Commend me to your "Cherry Pectoral" whenever I have a severe cough or cold, for I have tried it and know its value. Naturally of a consumptive predisposition, I have had frequent occasion to ascertain by actual trial the comparative worth of different medicines. By the merest accident, (as you did not then advertise in this neighborhood,) I chanced to come across your preparation, while upon a circuit in Blount county, in the northern part of the State. I was then laboring under a severe sore throat, tightness in the chest, and extreme difficulty in breathing. Your medicine has alleviated my ailments wonderfully, and I avail myself of this occasion to urge upon you its more extended introduction in this region. It is a very common mistake, that residents at the South have no need of such a preparation.
Sincerely yours, ROBT. G. TREMLIN.

Rev. Mr. Tremlin is deservedly respected by his clerical brethren of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, and would not knowingly do anything to advance a valueless compound. Post.

Cases like the above—and even more pertinent and convincing might be adduced.

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LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE

Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver on Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness, or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness, or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking, or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking, or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparations in the U. States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching power in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal safe, certain, and pleasant.

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—For the past two years I have been severely afflicted with Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and Piles, suffering constantly the pains and inconveniences attendant upon such complaints; without energy, being scarcely able to attend to any business, I used a great deal of medicine, without any apparent change, until I used your "Hoofland's German Bitters." They have entirely cured me. I am now entirely free from pain and ache of any kind, and feel like a new man, in every respect, and unhesitatingly recommend your Bitters to all invalids.
Yours, respectfully,
John R. Cory, No. 12 Lagrange Place.

Philadelphia, January 13, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have used your "Hoofland's German Bitters" in my family for the last four years, for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and am pleased to acknowledge that we have received the greatest benefit from its use. I have recommended it to a great many afflicted with similar diseases, with the same good result.

I have no hesitation in saying that it is an invaluable medicine, and hope you will be able to introduce it into every family in the Union. Yours, truly,
Wm. Hughes, 171 Wood Street.

These Bitters are *entirely vegetable*, thereby possessing great advantages over most of the preparations recommended for similar diseases. They possess great power in the removal of diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most potent influence in weakness of the nerves and digestive organs. They are withal safe, certain and pleasant.

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THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
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Persons who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

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FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever; in fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down, and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were all lassitude, weakness and debility, before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness; their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections, palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and shivered state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious monomania, heats and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence might terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishing short period of time, and they will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restless, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c.—They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce continual cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and prolong life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits, are restored by the use of a box or two, to BLOOM and vigor, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color, to a beautiful FLORID COMPLEXION.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, renders them the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authenticately received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In constitutional diseases, the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned, in which persons had inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and had endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by MAIL, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, or two boxes for $5.

☞ All Orders must be addressed, post paid, to
SETH S. HANCE,
108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Unpaid Letters not taken from the office.
feb26-1y

Selected Poetry.

"THE GOOD TIME COMING;"

When "Women's Rights," "Spiritual Communications," and Many Other Improvements Shall Attain Nearer Unto Perfection.

BY KATE CLOVER.

Alas, for this dull, monotonous way
In which our life passes day by day!
In fancy, like Rip Van Winkle we'll sleep
For a season, and then at the world take a peep.

'Tis eighteen hundred and—no matter when;
Let us take up a paper and see if we then
Can gain by its reading an insight so clear,
That things in their own true light shall appear.

Paragraph first some surprise must awaken:
"The new chosen President, Miss Lucy Bacon,
Passed through this city; also in suite
The Secretary of War, Miss Nelly Foote."

"Horrible accident (no one to blame!)
On the air-line road. The new lightning train
Encountered a comet, which struck several stars,
Killed all the passengers, and burnt up the cars."

"Concert this eve by spirits unseen;
Mozart plays the organ, Beethoven his 'Dream;'
Handel and Haydn preside o'er the choir,
Orpheus strikes the harp and Apollo the lyre."

"Plain sewing done here, by Jonathan Baker;"
"Charles Smith, milliner, cloak and dress maker;"
"Jenny Brown, butcher;" "Alice Lee drives a hack;"
"Phebe Gray's omnibus to Charlestown and back."

"Moustaches for ladies, whiskers and canes;"
"Edith Monroe cures bruises and sprains,
Lectures on surgery, amputates limbs;"
"Horace G. Neal makes bonnets, and trims."

"Dorothy Dingleby, attorney at law;"
"New livery stable, by Imogene Shaw;"
"Captain Jane Swift has a steamboat for sale;"
"Shirts made by Paul Jones; call without fail."

"Lecture to-night by Evelyn Day,
In old Faneuil Hall, upon the best way
For governing cities, China annexing,
Abolishing slavery, and like things perplexing."

The New York Tribune now seems to appear
Too spirited far for this mundane sphere.
Walter Scott writes the stories, Will Shakspeare the plays,
Ben Franklin sets type in these latter days.

A glance at the fireside, and then we have done,
For so dismal a place we are tempted to shun,
A forlorn-looking man in a rocking-chair dozes—
A half-finished letter the secret discloses:

"Dear Joe, having mended my little boy's stocking,
I write a few lines while the cradle I'm rocking.
My wife in the senate, my daughters at sea,
I find I'm as lonely as well I can be.

"So I beg you to take your sewing and knitting,
Your crotchet, your worsteds, and all things befitting,
And spend the next week in my snug little home;
Bring patterns for aprons and frocks when you come."

With a pitiful sigh for this care stricken man,
We return to the times ere the "progress" began.
Improvements like these distant far may they be,
If ever such changes we're destined to see.

The Old Times.

THE WORLD DOES NOT STAND STILL.

No, it does not. Contemplate a picture of an *auto-da-fe*, and confess, conservative reader, that the world has grown past the possibility of *that!* The world may be a wilderness of woe, etc., but no longer can men be burned for opinion's sake. We mentioned, a week or two ago, that torture was abolished in Vienna, as late as the year 1776. But probably the practice was discontinued before its formal abolishment by law. In the year 1757, however,—less than a hundred years ago—a case of legal torture occurred in France, of so horrible and monstrous a nature, that it would be incredible, if it were not so circumstantially narrated. We find the narrative in *Bizarre*, under the head of "Curious Things:"

Of all the tortures ever inflicted upon poor mortal, perhaps those of Robert Francis Damiens were the most horrible. He attempted to assassinate the King of France, in the year 1757. It seems he had been seized with a religious enthusiasm, under the operation of which he had taught himself to believe that the assassination of his king was demanded of him. Although we may be satisfied that Damien's death was demanded, yet we see no reason, in a civilized, Christian land, why it should have been brought about in such an inhuman manner. The tortures inflicted by savages are not worse than were those which the French dealt upon Damiens.

Observe: according to old and accredited authority, "the prisoner was, January 17, 1757, removed, under a strong guard, from Versailles to the *Conciergerie*, where he arrived at two o'clock in the morning of the 18th." The interesting charge of keeping this prisoner safe for judgment, made every possible human precaution to be taken against his escape, by strengthening the prison, by posting sentinels, guards, etc., who patrolled constantly the night-rounds. On the inside of the *Conciergerie*, there were sentinels placed from the entry to the court in which stands the Tower of Montgomery. At the bottom of this tower was placed a small corps-de-guard of twelve soldiers, who served to relieve the sentinels within. All along the stairs of the said tower, there were also posted sentinels at proper distances. In the first story was the room in which Damiens was confined. This room is round, and may be about twelve feet broad, every way, receiving no light but through two casements, or false windows, from eight to nine inches in breadth, by three feet in height. These openings are secured with double bars, and defended from the weather only by movable frames with oil-paper. There was in this room neither chimney nor fire, but it was sufficiently warmed by a stove placed in the guard-room beneath it, and by the candles continually burning in the room. At first they used tallow candles, but afterwards, by the advice of the physicians, for the preserving the wholesomeness of the air, they burnt none but wax.

The bed of the prisoner was disposed as follows: The head of the bed fronted the door exactly, at the distance of three feet from the wall. The bed was placed on a bedstead raised about six inches from the ground, and mattresses round, so as to project six inches beyond the bedstead. The bed's head was in the whole breadth raised three feet above the bolster, and was likewise mattrassed; being so contrived, with springs, to raise or lower, according as the convenience of the prisoner should require it. In this bed he was fastened by an assemblage of strong leather straps, two inches and a half broad. These straps kept his shoulders confined, and were, on each side of the bed, made fast to two rings stapled to the floor. Two other straps formed a ligature for each of his arms, and were connected by another placed on the breast-bone; and these two branches formed a sort of handcuff, that left the hand and arm no liberty, but as directed to the mouth. These straps were likewise tied at their ends, to two rings secured as the first. Two straps of the same form also confined his thighs, and were tied in like manner; so that from each side of the bed came three branches of straps. Besides these, that which was placed on the breast, descending to the feet, formed a sort of surcingle, and was tied at the foot of the bed to a ring in the middle of the floor; the strap, too, which held his shoulders, was fastened in like manner over the bed's head, to a ring stapled in the floor like the rest. Under the arms and hands of the prisoner, was spread a large carpet of hide, that he might not contract any inflammatory heat, or excoriation.

Monday, March 28.—At seven o'clock in the morning, the criminal was carried up to the torture-room. From that moment he ceased to be under custody of the French Guards, and, according to custom, it was the Lieutenant of the Short-robe of the Chatalet who had charge of him.

The Recorder read the sentence to the criminal, who heard it through with attention and intrepidity, and, on raising himself, said "that the day would be a sharp one."

A little before eight o'clock, six of the Commissaries being assembled in the torture-room, the criminal was placed on the stool, and underwent his last interrogatory, which lasted near an hour and a half: Damiens all the time preserving his usual firmness. That over, the executioners of justice began to put the legs of the criminal into the boot, and the ropes were tightened with more rigor than had ever been practiced; and perhaps this is the most exquisitely painful moment of the whole process of that torture. Damiens began to send forth the most piercing cries, and seemed even to faint away; but the physicians and surgeons, who are always present at the torture, on examination, knew that the swooning was not real. Damiens asked to drink; they gave him water, but he insisted on having some wine in it, saying, "now or never, strength is necessary." It was not till half-an-hour afterwards that the first wedge was applied. They had let this interval elapse, in order to have the numbness got over, which commonly follows the violent compression of the ligature, and that the sensibility might be at its height; and, indeed, at the application of the first wedge, Damiens made dreadful outcries, but without passion, or any indecent word. During the same, the First President renewed his interrogatories, and principally with respect to accomplices; and having asked who induced him to commit the crime, cried out, "It is Gautier." (This was the first moment of his ever mentioning him.) Being asked who Gautier was, he told; as also where he lived; and charged him with having used very criminal expressions, in presence of Mons. le Maitre de Ferrieres, whose affairs this man managed, and lodged at his house. Upon this declaration, the Commissaries gave orders to the Lieutenant of the Short-robe to bring away directly before them, in that room, the said De Ferrieres and Gautier. Whilst they were gone for, the torture continued, with intervals of a quarter-of-an-hour between the driving of each wedge, and every one of which Damiens renewed his shrieks and outcries. The most home and pressing interrogations imaginable were all the while put to him; and after having remained *two hours and a half* under the torture, the physician and surgeon advised not to keep him longer in it, as it could not be done without danger of his life. Consequently he was untied, and placed upon the mattress, where, having heard the verbal process, and his answers, he persisted therein.

The Commissaries seeing there was nothing more to be expected from the criminal's declarations, ordered him to be led back to the Greve. He waited there some considerable time, because the executioner had not been careful enough to have everything ready: for which he was afterwards punished by commitment, for several days, to the dungeon.

When Damiens was stripped, it was observed, that he surveyed and considered all his body and limbs with attention, and that he looked round with firmness on the vast concourse of spectators.

Towards five o'clock, he was placed on the scaffold, which had been erected in the middle of the inclosed area, and was raised about three feet and a half from the ground; the length from eight to nine feet, and of about the same breadth. The criminal was instantly tied, and afterwards fastened by iron gyves, which confined him under the arms and above the thighs. The first torment he underwent, was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone: the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off. A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked for some time earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breathing out into any imprecation. To this first torment succeeded that of pinching him with red-hot pincers, in the arms, thighs, and breast. At each pinch he was heard to shriek in the same manner as when his hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased as soon as the pinching was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and rosin, into every wound, except those of the breast, which produced, in all those circumstances, the same effect as the two first tortures. The tenor of his articulated exclamations, at times, was as follows: "Strengthen me, Lord God: strengthen me!—Lord God, have pity on me!—Oh, Lord, my God, what do I not suffer? Lord God, give me patience!"

At length they proceeded to the ligatures of his arms, legs, and thighs, in order to dismember him. This preparation was very long and painful—the cords, straightly tied, bearing grievously upon the fresh wounds. This drew new cries from the sufferer, but did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity.

The horses having been put to the draught, the pulls were repeated for a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer,—the extension of whose members was incredible, and yet nothing gave signs of the dismemberment taking place.

In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and, perhaps, too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now lasted for more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending. The physician and surgeon certified to the Commissaries, that it was almost impossible to accomplish the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinews, which might, indeed, suffer a length of extension, but not be separated without an amputation. Upon this attestation, the Commissaries sent an order to the executioner, to make such an amputation, with regard especially to the night coming on, as it seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day.

In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Damiens still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge, after both thighs, and one arm, were thus severed from his body: nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired.

As soon as it was certain that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose, near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

And this occurred ninety-six years ago, and in that country which reckoned herself the most enlightened, the most refined, and the "most Christian," in the world. The world does *not* stand still.

VETERAN MINISTERS.

The Christian Mirror mentions a remarkable case of ministerial longevity. The venerable Father Sawyer has been a Home Missionary in the wilds of Maine for more than half a century, and at the advanced age of ninety-seven attended the late commencement of the Bangor Seminary, and fulfilled an appointment which had been made for him to preach during one of the evenings of the week. The Mirror says:—"He preached extempore, with entire freedom and not a little force, his voice filling every nook and corner of a large house."

The Rev. James Hobart, who was present at the late session of the Congregational Association of New Hampshire, is now eighty-seven years old, and still labors as a Missionary. He is now preaching at Walden, Vt., where, on the Sabbath preceding the Association, he preached twice, and then rode four miles to attend a third service. The Congregational Journal says:—"His physical and mental powers seem but little abated, while his love for his work is evidently stronger. His voice is strong, his eye flashing, while his power as a singer would put to shame men half a century younger. In his simple diet and habits of activity, and cheerful spirits, is the secret of his health and long life. He uses no tobacco, snuff, tea, coffee, or even butter or fat meat. We need not say he never drank ardent spirits."

The Norwich Examiner says the Rev. Daniel Waldo, of Syracuse, New York, is now on a visit to his friends in this region. He is to-day, September 10, ninety-one years of age, yet in vigor of body and of mind he resembles a man of fifty, and no reason is apparent why he may not add another score of years to his protracted life. On the last Sabbath he preached in the First Congregational Church in this town, and on Tuesday, gave an address to the Normal Seminary. He ascribes his longevity to his temperate habits and free use of cold water, and above all to his cheerfulness of temper.

The last number of the New Orleans Christian Advocate, in an article designed to show that there is no real necessity for ministers to break down prematurely from feeble and diseased lungs, brought on by preaching, mentions, among others, the case of the venerable Father Garrett, now of Mississippi Conference, and ninety years of age. He is very small and excessively feeble—a child has more strength than he, and yet he is able to hold a camp-meeting congregation an hour and a-half, bound to his stentorian voice, so that the furthest man in the congregation shall distinctly hear every word.

HOW TO TAKE THREE BALLS OFF TWO STRINGS.—You show two pieces of strong tape to the company, of an exact size, and then you show the balls, which have a hole through the middle of them. Having put on one ball yourself, you let the person who holds one end put on the second, and the person who is to hold the other end the third ball. Each person has two ends, which are of the same length. Suddenly you jerk the balls, which slip off, while the two strings when examined, remain as before.

Explanation.—While the balls are examined, you double each string, and each appears to have two ends. You twist the double end of each other together, and putting on one of the balls, which has a hole smaller than the others, over the place that is joined, the strings remain firm, and can bear to be pulled. Each person that holds it, thinks he has the extremities of two strings, while in fact he has only the end of one. By a jerk the middle ball comes off, followed by the rest: you then slip them into the hands of the person who holds the strings. He of course lets go his hold, and you then take care to put the strings lengthways. This is a good trick when well-managed, but it requires dexterity to conceal the deception. Formerly this trick was done with three button-moulds on two whipcords of about two feet each, and with three rings on two ribbons, but the balls and tapes are preferable.

Wit and Humor.

WHO KILLED THE BULL?

A Memphis (Tenn.) correspondent, (John Smith, Jr.,) of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, tells the following good one:—

The bull of a neighbor of mine (Squire Johnson) was killed; it was a valuable one, and the Squire's suspicion was immediately fastened on a trifling fellow in the neighborhood, with whom he had a difficulty, by the name of Williams, as the perpetrator of the deed, but who indignantly repelled the "soft impeachment." The Squire, from his intimate acquaintance with human nature, believed that he could substantiate the charge, by a fellow of the name of Smith, and accordingly had him summoned as a witness. The trial was before Squire W.; John S. Fale, formerly of the "Dark and Bloody" ground, appeared for the plaintiff. The defence was conducted by Gen. Ceylon F. Brayser.

The witness Smith was called, and after being duly impressed with the solemnity of an oath, and of the importance of deposing to the truth, by Judge W., Fale began—

"You know, Mr. Smith, that Squire Johnson's bull was killed."

"I do," says Smith.

"And you also know that Williams killed the bull."

"I do."

"Your honor," says John, "the testimony is sufficiently clear and to the point, I think, to justify his commitment."

"One moment, Mr. Smith," says Ceylon, "before you retire. You say that my client, Williams, killed the bull."

"I do."

"How far off were you when the bull was killed?"

"About four hundred yards."

"Did you see Williams kill the bull?"

"No."

"Did you hear the report of the rifle, when the bull was shot?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear Williams, or any one else, say he killed the bull?"

"I did not."

"Then, Mr. Smith, if you were four hundred yards from where he was killed, didn't see him, didn't hear the report of the rifle, and Williams nor any one else didn't tell you he did it, please inform this Court how you know that my client, Williams, killed the bull."

Smith thought a minute, and then said—

"*I heard him drap!*"

EXCUSES FOR NOT PAYING BILLS.

Z. Y. owes me a bill. I send it in, we shall suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in succession.

July 1. "Oh! this is Mr. Mercer's bill; call again any day next week."

July 9. "Not at home." "When will he be at home?" "Any time to-morrow."

July 10. "Has a gentleman with him." (Waits an hour.) "Oh! ah! this is the bill—ay—hum! Look in on Monday."

Monday. "Not at home. Gone to 'Change."

Thursday. "Leave the bill, and I'll look it over."

20. "There seems to be a mistake in the bill. I never had *this* article. Take it back to your master, and tell him to examine his books."

24. "Just gone out."

29. "I am busy now. Tell your master I'll call on him and go into the city."

Aug. 16. "Bless me! I quite forgot to call. This bill is not discharged. Bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day."

17. "Gone to Margate, and won't be home till next month."

Sept. 12. "What! Did not I pay that bill before I went out of town? Are you going further?" "Yes." "Very well; call as you come back, and I'll settle it." (Calls, and he is gone to dinner at Clapham.)

16. "Plague of this bill! I don't believe I have so much cash in the house. Can you give me change for a £100 note?" "No!" "Then call in, as you pass, to-morrow."

17. "Not at home."

25. "*Appoint a day?* What does your master mean? Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message."

Oct. 14. "What! no discount!" "Sir, it has been due these two years." "There's your money, then." "These guineas are light." "Then you must call again; I have no loose cash in the house."

And here ends the payment of £9 14s. 6d., with three of the guineas light.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

The parties are a lady of uncertain age, with a decided expression of pain on features otherwise quite pretty, her face tied up with a white handkerchief, and a little man, in a snuff-colored surtout, with light hair, and a decidedly woolly style of countenance. Little man fidgets for a while, and then turns to the dame—

"Be you ailin' anything, madam?"

"Yes, sir, I have a bad toothache. (hum!)"

"Oh, toothache, have ye; well, I know suthin' that'll do ye good."

"What is it, sir; I am suffering very much, and should like to know?"

"Well, I forgit the name of it, but most any body'll know. Be you going to York?"

"Yes, sir, I am going to New York."

"Oh, well! be ye—well, you know Broadway? Yes, well, you go up Broadway till you come to a cross street, I forgit the name of the street, but you'll know when you git there; there's lots of people going up and down it. Well, you turn up this street, and I forgit which side, but you'll see; you'll find a 'pothecary-shop—you'll know when you see it. There's a good many shops about there, but this is a large one. Then you must ask for—well I forgit the name—but it's a *powder*. The 'pothecary he'll know. It is dreadful strong—strong as ginger—you must mix the powder—they'll mix it for you—then you must take—well I forgit how much—about a table-spoon, or a tea-cup, or a small bucket full—and put it on *here* (laying his hand on the *pit of his stomach*) just as hot as you can bear it."

"But, sir," said the lady, "I don't see how *that* is to help a toothache."

"Oh, *toothache* you've got, well I forgot. To be sure—*yes*, well—I *thought* you said STOMACH ACHE."—*New Bedford Mercury.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE LONDON DIOGENES.—*One for Russia.* The Russians having a plenty of tar and rosin, will be sure to come off well in a *pitched* battle!

A General has a very hard task assigned to him, for he has to study all the "dispositions" of his army!

The Forlorn Hope of Ladies.—Expecting an old sweetheart to marry you on the death of his third wife.

The First Lord of the Treasury.—Gold.

The Best Way of Speeding the Plough.—Attach a steam-engine to it.

That "all is not gold that glitters," is sufficiently proved by the base sovereigns now in circulation.

Pious Gentleman.—"My boy! my boy! you do very wrong to fish on a Sunday." *Boy.*—"It carn't be no harm, sir, I arn't catch'd nothink!"

—*The Last Appeal.*"—Did you ever know a new drama that was not of "thrilling interest!"

Or a country newspaper that hadn't a "Poet's Corner!"

Or a young man, who wore spectacles, who hadn't loved, "aye, and madly, too!"

ANECDOTE FOR POLITICIANS.—There was once a poor preacher who supplied an equally poor congregation, up somewhere in the woods, under a contract to have so much rye for his year's preaching, if they saw fit to retain him for a year. He was very fearful that he should get the sack prematurely, and did all he knew how to fend off that appalling calamity; among other precautions, going round to the leading members of his congregation, to learn how his preaching suited them. "Brethren," said he, anxiously, "just tell me frankly how you like my doctrine, and, if you don't like it, let me know what doctrine I *shall* preach to please you—for *I must have that rye.*"—*Ex-Senator Dickinson.*

EXPLICIT.—"Hanse, where was you born?"

"On the Haldorbarrack."

"What! always?"

"Yaw! and before, too."

"How old are you then?"

"When the old school house is built, I was two weeks more nor a year, what ish painted red, as you go home mit your back behind you, on the right hand side by de old blacksmith shop, what stands where it was burnt down next year will pe two weeks."

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.—It takes a Yankee to get out of a scrape with flying colors, as the following conversation shows: "Shan't I see you hum from singing schule to-night, Jerusha?" "No, you shan't do no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben." "Perhaps you didn't hear what I said," continued Reuben. "Yes I did—you asked me if you might see me home." "Why, no I didn't, I only asked you how your marm was!"

City Scenes.

WAR PRICES.

"Why, Mem, you see the Roosh'n Ultimatum having invaded the Danubian Provinces, makes everything uncommon dear just now!"

"Good gracious!"

DOING WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.—Crossing Hampstead-heath, he saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummelling a miserable bare-boned pack-horse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer: "Why, its my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"—*Campbell's Chancellor.*

BOARDING-HOUSE COLLOQUY.—*Boarder*—What large chickens these are! *Landlady*—Yes, chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't get them so large as these. *Boarder, innocently*—No, I suppose not; they must have grown some in that time! (Landlady looks as though she thought she had been misunderstood.)—*Portland Eclectic.*

Selected Articles.

BEAUTY OF SMALL FOREHEADS IN WOMEN.

The admiration of large foreheads in women is a depravity of modern times, and is yet, and ever will be, confined to a few sectarians in taste. The ancients—erring perhaps on the one side, but the safe and gentle side—sighed for narrow and low foreheads. I cannot recollect, in any ancient writer, a passage in praise of a large forehead in a woman. Horace calls Lycoris "illustrious" for her slender forehead.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor.

Winkelman, who has noticed this passage in his work on "Ancient Art," tells us that the Greek women, where the real beauty was wanting, gave the appearance of loveliness to their foreheads by fastening a band below their hair; and that the beautiful women of Circassia produce the same effect by an ingenious manner of combing down their locks. Petronius, in his exquisite piece of Circe—in which he has assembled so many points of high beauty—the naturally curled hair flowing down on her shoulders, and her eyebrows almost joined—does not forget to describe the forehead as "very small." From a passage in Montaigne, founded, no doubt, on the relations of travellers, it appears that the charm of low foreheads is understood by the women of Mexico; and that, in order to produce this appearance, they make use of every art to make the hair grow down on their brows. The oldest seeming commendation of a large forehead in a woman, that I have happened to meet with, occurs in the Canzone of Dante, "Io miro i crespi e gli biondi capegli," where he gives a detailed and very fine description of his mistress, and praises, as appears, her "ample forehead," "la spazioza fronte." But in justice to Beatrice, may not her lover's "spazioza" be the Latin "speciosa," beautiful? Chaucer, however, following soon after Dante, is unequivocal in praising the broad forehead of the prioress.

Sickerly she had a fair forehead;
It was almost a span broad, I trow.

In the celebrated verses which enumerate the thirty points of woman's beauty, it is laid down that the perfect woman must have three parts broad,—"the breast, the forehead, and the space between the eyes." It is somewhat remarkable that out of these three, the ancients desired two—the latter two—to be narrow. But there are great offences against sound taste in this enumeration of the thirty points; and if Helen had been such as this writer supposes her to have been, Paris would never have stolen away—

Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.
—*Bruce's Classic and Historic Portraits.*

THE PRAIRIES.—The editor of the New York Tribune says:—

The mass of our Eastern people, as they esteem a desert waste a shrubless dead-level of glittering sand, generally picture to themselves a prairie as a lovely velvet floor of mingled grass and flowers, level, dry and delightful, with silvery brooks dancing and laughing across the landscape. The "cold reality" is somewhat different from this. The actual prairies have a decided tendency to the marshy, and (though many of them are wholly, and others partly dry enough) will turn out as much black mud to the country as any other land we ever saw. Their surface is often "rolling" or undulating,—but not sufficiently so to ensure an abundance of springs or an adequate flow to the brooks, which are too few, too scanty and too sluggish. A cleanly bred duck would fight shy of most of them, and might run his bill down, owing to the dry grass in the very centre of many of them, without finding any thing but a muddy, oozy dampness. Rich as the soil is, the scarcity of water through most of the summer and fall, must prove a serious drawback on its value until reservoirs can be formed and irrigation resorted to.

Beautiful as the prairies doubtless are in June, in the young freshness of their herbage and innumerable flowers, they are anything but fascinating in October, when their edible grass has been cropped by cattle, their flowers have vanished, leaving only a rank growth of coarse weeds and sour, harsh grasses, all stiffened and embrowned by age and frost. The contrast between this and the bright, vari-colored foliage of the adjacent forests and belts, spurs and clumps of timber, is very striking, and not at all to the prairie's advantage.

The most eligible wild lands are those combining timber and prairie in about equal proportions, so interspersed that the one is rarely more than a mile or two from the other.

YOUNG ITALY.—An English writer, speaking of the present bigoted mode of education in Italy, says:—

"The ignorance of these young Italian patricians, on all subjects of general information, was perfectly startling. Many of them were quite unacquainted with the nature of tenets which had rent Europe asunder, or of the geographical position of neighboring countries, or of the best known historical facts. Not having access to any easy literature, such as our magazines and miscellanies afford, owing to the extraordinary restrictions imposed upon the press, they had been left without an inducement to read, or opportunity of discovering their own deficiency.

"During the wild excitement of the early part of 1849, a youthful Count, glowing with new-born patriotism, confided to me one day that he and all the *Gioventu*,—that is, Young Ancona—had determined upon turning *Protestant*, in order to get rid of the *Preti*, and to conciliate England. Presently a shade of embarrassment came over his face, and he said—'Pardon me; but now I think of it—tell me, do the Protestants believe in God?'

"On one occasion I was present when some conversation took place before a youth, fresh from College, in which an allusion was made to Cleopatra and the asp. 'How can I know anything about these matters,' he exclaimed; 'I have never read the Bible!'

"Another time I remember hearing my uncle gravely asked, in reference to a journey he was meditating, whether he meant to go by *sea* from Marseilles to Paris!"

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON

Her bright young face was like the May
When blue and bloom are blent together;
And by the mows of fresh heaped hay,
Her quick tread brushed the scented heather.

Health's brightest jewels gemmed the zone,
Her cheek was dainty white and crimson;
Her eye beneath her lashes shone,
Like blue, blue flowers, with golden rims on.

The fresh wind blew her curls from place,
Till round her neck like amber drifted,
They glittering hung—and her sweet face
Shone like the heaven to which 'twas lifted.

No silks laid in the old house chest,
No gewgaw clasped her wrist or finger;
She deemed a modest garb the best,
And by the home-hearth loved to linger.

Nor rout, nor gaudy theatre,
Nor lustred ball room filled with beauty,
Nor dashing mein had charms for her,
Whose round of life was love of duty.

But from the cages in the wind,
Of bright laced boughs, and leaves in flutter,
She'd often pause to hear, what "Lind"
With all her skill yet failed to utter;

The silvery piping of the bird—
The flute-tones of the sunrise singer;
These, richest notes ear ever heard,
Could the sweet peace of angels bring her.

And in the morn, at sultry noon,
At eve and night her soft voice chanted;
So that the old house smiled like June,
And every nook seemed beauty-haunted.

And blessings followed her whose grace
And every gift lent perfect pleasure;
Yet though rich charms made rare her face,
The heart that covered them was the treasure.
Olive Branch.

ANECDOTE OF TRISTAM BURGESS.—The N. Y. Atlas is responsible for the following:

Mr. Burgess had not long been at the bar, before a little incident rendered him famous. The Janitor of the Court was a Deacon William Gibbons, an old man, very fond of snuff, tobacco, the fair sex, and New England rum. This janitor deacon always encased himself in black satin smalls, silk vest, cauliflower wig, and brogans decorated with very large diamond buckles. He was one of those men of other times, who bowed to the aristocracy of court and king; and, humble as his office was, he regarded himself as one of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. The deacon took a fancy to Mr. Burgess; and, between the twain, a most decided friendship and intimacy grew up. The deacon was a willing *serritor* to Mr. Burgess, and adopted all possible ways and means to secure his undivided friendship. The feeling was reciprocal; and a kind of Damon and Pythian friendship, in a small way, was consummated.

At last, Deacon Gibbons found that a new pair of smalls had become necessary. He made known the condition of his wardrobe to Tristam Burgess, who, in the generosity of his nature, *loaned* him an old pair of breeches. The deacon put them on, and entered court with a stride that partook of the magniloquent.

It so happened, that on that very day, in the midst of an animated argument, Mr. Burgess found it necessary to make a call on the janitor deacon for a tumbler of cold water. The deacon, who happened to be fast asleep when the call was made, was rather slow in his proceedings; but finally the "cup of cold water" was produced. Tristam took a hearty swig at it, and setting it down, looked the deacon in the eye, whilst he uttered the rude expression, "old scoundrel;" and then applied his foot to the janitor, in the face and eyes of court and jury. For this act of aggression, an indictment was obtained at the hands of the Grand Inquest of the county; and Tristam Burgess was duly arraigned, charged with assault and battery. He appeared in his own defence, whilst the State was, with due solemnity, represented by the Attorney General, Mr. Updike—and the case went to the jury. The defendant, Burgess, admitted the assault on the breeches; but denied having assaulted the janitor deacon. He contended that the breeches the deacon had on belonged to him, Burgess; that they were simply loaned; and that every man had an unqualified legal and natural right to kick his own breeches, wherever he might find them! The Supreme Court of Rhode Island sustained the plea; and the gentlemen of the jury, after an absence of two days and nights, returned a verdict of *not guilty!* Rhode Island jurisprudence at once took an enlightened and lofty position in the history of criminal recognizance; and Tristam Burgess at once became a lion of the first magnitude. His fortunes were sealed and secured.

"IF YOU'RE COMING, WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG!"—So "Mose" was wont to say, aforetime, and it embodies "a good bit" of practical philosophy. Every new Engine shrieks it—every new Railway is a record of it—every line of Telegraph exemplifies it—every new medium of advertising illustrates it. The saying originated in the "Bowery." May be, but it is destined to be a cosmopolite. It began with individuals; it is going on with nations; it will end with the world.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along!" It is uttered in almost all tongues, in almost all lands. It has rung round Christendom; the iron bedstead of Procrustes has been left behind, with the torch and the fagot. It has sounded like a slogan, through the political world, and the "old fogies" are among the baggage-wagons and the wounded.

It has electrified the realm of literature; prose is becoming the living voice of humanity, and poetry its echo. The old Ramage press has given place to the cylinders whirled by the panting engine, and thought that moved at a funeral pace, now rushes on in a tremendous charge. "The Old Guard" and "Marion's men" were nothing to it.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along!" "Six paces to the front" is the word to everybody and everything that wants to be listened to or looked at. If you have anything to say, say it. If you have anything to do, do it. If you wish anybody to see something, show it. "If you're coming, why don't you come along!"

It used to take six men to make a pin; now, one boy, a pull, a clip and two strokes do the business.

Once, cradles rocked the grain for the garner; now, a whirlwind on wheels cuts, threshes and bags it in a breath.

Once, fathers and mothers had the precedent by a few years; now, belles with dolls, and beaux in pinafores, distance the "old folks at home," and take up the cry of the world,—"If you're coming, why don't you come along!"

Once they crossed the Atlantic in an hundred days; now, let them exceed ten, and somebody hails them from the land's end, as they heave in sight,—"If you're coming, why don't you come along!"—*New York Tribune.*

DEATH A GREAT LEVELLER.—As Alexander the Great was marching with pomp at the head of his mighty army, he passed where Diogenes in his tub was very intently engaged in examining, arranging, and re-arranging a heap of bones. The conqueror, causing his hosts to halt, thus spoke:

"What dost thou here, Diogenes?"

The cynic replied:

"I have here the bones of thy father, Philip, from which I am trying to separate those of his lowest servant, but for the life of me, I cannot determine which is which."

A TRUE STORY WITH A MORAL.

Hospitality has been recommended on the ground that one may perhaps entertain angels unawares. We would say be courteous to all, for fear that, through forgetfulness or neglect, you may omit some persons who have treated you kindly. Those whom we never saw may have performed good offices to us through strangers. We may have reaped benefits in utter ignorance of their author. If we are not habitually regardful and polite, it may happen, that in word or act, by private speech, or in the public print, we may inflict a wound upon one who has done us signal good; for it is not those with whom we are most intimate, who are sure to serve us best.

A poor orphan boy, named Theodore ——, was only seven years old when he attracted the notice of a gentleman of fortune and distinction, who was fond of indulging a fancy—a laudable one it was—of doing good by stealth, and making people happy without disclosing the author of the benefaction. He caused the young lad to be well clothed, sent to school, and afterwards educated at a college. Theodore became a distinguished scholar, but was never able all this time to penetrate the secret of his generous friend. His bills were regularly paid, and he himself liberally, though economically, supplied with necessary money for his pocket; but he could only see his benefactor in his works. It may be well supposed he did not fail to thank him from the bottom of his heart a thousand times, for he had a tender one; ingratitude was not among his failings.

The first thing, almost, that he did after leaving academic quiet, was to pen a virulent libel on an eminent gentleman, who happened to be identified with a cause against which the society which Theodore frequented, was passionately opposed. Theodore was known to be talented, and to hold a sharp pen; he was therefore naturally pitched upon to deal the assassin's blow. He was in the meantime not acquainted with the merits of the controversy, as few young men are, who get excited in a quarrel; as for the gentleman he was to assault, he knew nothing at all of him, except that he was a celebrated man, and most persons spoke well of him. That was of no consequence, however; his wit and satire were a gift intended doubtless not to be neglected, as their possessors generally think; so he lent himself to the infliction of foul slander on one he did not know.

The effect of this truculent attack was considerable; for poison will have its operation, by whatever hand and on whatever person it shall be administered. An anonymous libel, like a musket-ball, is equally destructive, whether the trigger be pulled by a child or a man; by hired assassin, or a mistaken man of honor. The charges in this case had a certain effect at first, but were afterwards exposed, and proved entirely false.

Two years after this, as Theodore was sitting one morning in his office, he received a letter inviting him to call at No. — in ——— street, at 12 o'clock the next day. He did so; and was then informed by the executor of ———, the excellent man whom he had ignorantly traduced, that he had left him a legacy of five thousand dollars, accompanied with words of encouragement to persevere in his honorable course of honest industry and generous hopes. He was further cut to the heart to learn from the papers of the departed, that it was he also that took the orphan from the gutter, and befriended him as long as he lived, and whose affectionate kindness death itself had been unable to extinguish.

These disclosures sunk down into his heart, and rankled there forever. His guilty secret was felt at times during all his days, aching like an unhealed wound. He went from the executor of his second father an altered man, and made a resolution which he always religiously kept, never to speak ill again of a man he did not know. This was the self-covenant of Theodore. It should be ours; otherwise we may be found as he was, spitting venom on our best earthly friend and benefactor. As we would add to this the advice not to speak harshly of one *we know*, unless we are certain he deserves the censure, and that it will not produce more harm than good. Thank heaven! the orphan's father of the present narrative never suspected who his secret accuser was, and was therefore saved that severest of all wounds—the sting of ingratitude.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

THE FASHIONS.—[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]—*Paris, Oct. 3rd.*—The Equinoctial gale has blown away the balmy summer weather which we enjoyed during the first three weeks of September, and with it have disappeared the light airy summer toilettes which gave to the promenades of Paris the various and brilliant hues of a parterre of flowers.

Rich and darker silks have replaced foulards, bareges and muslins. Tulle and lace scarfs and mantelets are laid aside for Autumn pelisses.—There are several novelties in this style of garment, one of which is made of taffeta, lined with a half thickness of wadding, and ornamented with a broad binding of stamped velvet. This pelisse has a hood of a round shape, decorated with a fringe about twelve inches deep; the fringe forms a pelerine when the hood is laid on the shoulders. The sleeves are rather wide, trimmed with plaited ribbons and lace, and looped up by a ribbon with a bow. Another bow with long floating ends fastens this pelisse in front. Scarf-mantelets of light colored taffeta are entirely covered with small flounces of graduated size in festooned scollops, in each of which is embroidered a flower. Many mantelets have flounces of lace, above which are tulle bouillonnes, through them are run a ribbon matching the colored lining of the black garment; the hood is likewise of lace, decorated with ribbons.

The new style of silk dresses of taffeta have four flounces terminated by a wreath worked in black grenadine, imitating heavy blonde, to which is added a fringe of the color of the dress.

Gray taffetas with flounces *a disposition*, of a cashmere pattern worked in cherry color, are in high vogue. The skirt has four flounces; the corsage is made with lappets slit up on the hips; at the top of each opening is placed a bow of cherry ribbon with long floating ends. The body is very open in front, and is ornamented with a similar trimming as the lappets, but smaller, and has a bow in front composed of four loops with long floating ends. The sleeves are cut to form the elbow, wide towards the wrist, in the pagoda style, with three bows on the inside of the arm and four on the outside. These bows are placed lengthwise, at equal distances, with long ends like those on the body. A great many poplin dresses are worn; they form a pretty and lady-like toilette, without being so showy as silk,—with flounces, and they are much more suitable for the street. Poplins are either of plaids of two colors—iron gray and emerald green—blue and black, &c., or stripes, many of which are watered. The corsage is plain and high to the throat, fastened by means of button-holes and enamelled buttons surrounded by a gold ring; the sleeves are pagoda, open in front, with a bow of ribbon; the edges of the sleeves and lappets are trimmed with a *bouillonne* of watered silk, having at the edge a watered stripe.

For autumn evening dress for young ladies, tarletan is the most suitable and becoming material. White, blue or pink are the prettiest colors; these dresses have four or five embroidered flounces, raised at the side by a bow of ribbon, with ends twelve inches long; the fan-shaped body is decorated with narrow embroidered frills and bows of ribbon. The little flounces of the short sleeves are likewise worked and finished with ribbon ornaments.

Many bracelets are made of ribbon, velvet and gold or silver guimpure, fastened with steel or jewelled buttons; the ribbon is of the pompadour style, gathered and terminated by two little rosettes.

Although bracelets formed by medallions have been in fashion many years, they still continue in favor; but since the extravagance in dress has reached such a height, enamel and crystal have been replaced, by the distinguished jewellers, by stones of great value, such as oval amethysts surrounded by pearls, or gold medallions, on which lie bouquets of diamonds, the whole surrounded by a strand of rubies. Bracelets formed of a circlet of gold, clasping tightly around the wrist, are imitations of the armlets worn by the ancients, and form an elegant addition to a visiting or evening toilette. The present style of open, floating sleeves is admirably adapted for the displaying to advantage all ornaments for the arms, and consequently bracelets are more in demand than any other article of jewelry. It is not uncommon to see a fashionable lady display four or five bracelets on the same arm, even in *demi toilette*.

CARLYLE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Thomas Carlyle, in his forthcoming work on Frederick the Great, discourses thus savagely upon the modern "Woman's Rights" movement:

Woman, woman—thou wantest thy rights, as I understand. If we all had our "rights," who would escape a whipping? Not beaten by thongs, nor by heavier men's hands, but beaten by their own tongues, lashed by their tongue, proclaimed by their own tongue—lift thy forehead to the world, and know thy own shame—let it blaze upon thy frontlets, woman lecturer—let the universe behold it, woman stump-orator! But thou, Wife, but thou, Mother, but thou, Sweetheart, but thou, Sister, believe that "rights" and deserts are not to be brazenly canvassed in the streets, in market-places, in editorial rooms, in lecture halls.

SIZE OF THE ARK.

Sceptics have objected to the size of the Ark, and have asserted that it is quite absurd to suppose that ever there could be a vessel constructed large enough to hold all the creatures that must have been placed in it, together with sufficient food—(it may be, for six or twelve months) —water for the fishes! corn for the four-footed animals, seed for the birds, and so on. Now we will take the dimensions of the Ark from the record of Moses, and calculate them on the lowest possible scale.

There are two definitions given of a cubit; one that it is 18 inches, or a foot and a half—the other that it is 1 foot and 8 inches. We will take it only at the lowest. Moses states that the Ark was 300 cubits long; this would make it 450 feet long, or about the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The breadth of it he states to be about 50 cubits; we then have it 75 feet in breadth. He states it to be 30 cubits high; so that it was 45 feet in height. In other words, it was as long as St. Paul's Cathedral, nearly as broad, and half as high. The tonnage of the Ark, according to the calculation of modern carpenters, must have been 32,000 tons.

The largest English ship of war, the St. Vincent, for instance, which is of a size altogether unimaginable to those who have never seen it—is 2,500 tons burthen; so that the Ark must have been equal to seventeen first rate ships of war, and, if armed as ships are, it would have contained much beyond 18,000 men and provisions for them for 18 months.

Buffon has stated that all the four-footed animals may be reduced to 250 pairs, and the birds to a still smaller number. On calculation, therefore, we shall find that the Ark would have held more than five times the requisite quantity of food to maintain them for twelve months.

For the Young.

I CAN'T.

I once knew a lad of some twelve years, who had acquired a habit of saying "I can't," whenever he was told or asked to do anything. When at school, he was always behind his class, and if reprimanded by his teacher, his only excuse or answer was, "Well, Miss C——, I *can't* learn it." Miss C——, thought perhaps she had assigned too *long* lessons, and afterwards gave shorter ones, and still shorter, but it was still the same "I can't" as before; and she saw that unless that habit was broken, it would entirely prevent all progress in knowledge, and render him a burden to society.—Many expedients were resorted to, but without success. At length she resolved to meet him on his own ground—so one morning, during the first exercise, which was reading in the New Testament, when it came his turn to read, Miss C—— said Horace might be excused, and the next one read. Not long afterwards, he asked permission to get his pencil, which had fallen from his desk, and Miss C—— replied, "I will get it for you, for I do not think you *can* pick it up." At recess it was said that all could have recess but Horace—it was presumed that he *could not* play. In the same manner he was excused from *all* duties, much to his own surprise and that of the whole school. During the afternoon, some one ventured to ask, "Why may not Horace recite with us?" and was only answered, "He *can't*." A little before the closing exercise, as the teacher was standing near him, he looked up very beseechingly in her face, and said,—"Miss C———, are you not going to hear me recite any more lessons?"—She replied,—"I would like very much to have you go on with your classes, if you *can*, but you always tell me you *can't*, and if you *can't*, I ought not to require it of you."

Said he,—"Shall I come to school to-morrow?" and was answered,—"Yes, if you *can*." He burst into tears, and said,—"I *will try* to get my lessons, Miss C———." The point was gained. For many months, while that teacher remained, his lessons were faithfully learned, and other duties promptly performed, without any "I *can't*" to sadden her heart.—Years afterwards she was gladdened by hearing that he had never lost the benefit of that day's discipline.

Dear children, do not say "I *can't*," but rouse up all the energies of your minds, and gladden the hearts of your parents and teachers by persevering efforts to become *wise* and *good*, for only the *truly good* are *truly great.*—*Ohio Farmer.*

BOYS, GET AHEAD.

When we see young men spending all they make, as fast as they make it, and when we consider the great importance of a little cash capital to their future prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be ever so little, from present earnings towards a future capital.

We once heard a gentleman who had risen from poverty to wealth and influence, by his own prudence and industry, enforcing the saving plan in this way. Suppose, said he, you had six eggs to live upon daily. Now, it is clear, if you eat all the eggs every day, you will never have any ahead to depend upon. But if, by self-denial, you can save one of these eggs to-day, or this week, and another next day or week, you can soon have, besides your six eggs daily, one, two or more hens, that will give you one, two or three dozen eggs, instead of the half-dozen you had at first. You will not suffer in any respect from the little self-denial necessary at first, and when once you have set in train the egg-producing influence, it goes on of itself, as it were. The one egg saved, gives you a hen which produces indefinitely, and then, if you choose, you can eat your half dozen eggs daily, and still be gaining from the first saving.

We have often thought of this simple illustration as comprehending in an egg-shell whole volumes of political economy, and recommend it to our young readers as worthy of study and practice.—*People's Organ.*

CLOUDS.

Q. What difference (in the state of the air) is required, to make a *gray* and *red* sunrise?

A. In a *gray* sun-rise, only that portion of air *contiguous to the earth is filled with vapor*; all the rest is clear and dry. But in a *red* sun-rise the air in the *upper regions* is so full of vapor that the rising sun cannot disperse it.

Q. Why is a *gray sun-set* an indication of *wet?*

A. Because it shows that the air on the *surface of the earth* is very *damp at sun-set*; which is a plain proof that the air is *saturated with vapor*; in consequence of which, wet may be soon expected; hence the proverb:

Evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveller on his way;
But evening gray and morning red,
Will bring down rain upon his head.

Q. What is meant by an *aurora borealis*, or northern light?

A. *Luminous clouds* in the *north of the sky* at night time. Sometimes streaks of blue, purple, green, red, etc., and sometimes flashes of light, are seen.

Q. What is the cause of the *aurora borealis*, or northern light?

A. *Electricity* in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

Q. Why does a *haze* round the sun indicate *rain?*

A. Because the *haze* is caused by *very fine rain falling in the upper regions of the air*; and when this is the case, *a rain of five or six hours' duration* may be expected.

Q. Why is a *halo* round the *moon* a sure indication of *rain?*

A. Because it is caused by *fine rain falling in the upper regions of the air*. The *larger* the halo, the *nearer the rain-clouds*, and the sooner may rain be expected.

Q. Why do we *feel* almost *suffocated* in a hot cloudy night?

A. Because the heat of the earth cannot escape into the upper region of the air, but is pent in by the clouds, and confined to *the surface of the earth*.

Q. Why do we feel *sprightly* in a clear, bright night?

A. Because the heat of the earth can readily escape into the upper regions of the air, and is not confined and pent in by *thick clouds*.

Q. Why do we *feel depressed* in *spirits* on a wet, murky day?

A. 1st.—Because the air is laden with vapor, and has (proportionally) *less oxygen*.

2nd.—The air being lighter than usual, *does not balance the air in our body*; and

3rd.—Moist air has a tendency to depress the nervous system.

Q. What is meant by the "air balancing the air in our body?"

A. The human body contains air of a given density; if, therefore, we ascend into *rarer air*, or descend into *denser*, the balance is destroyed, and *we feel oppressed*.

Q. Why do we feel *oppressed*, if the air around is not of the *same density* as that in our body?

A. Because if the air be *more* dense than in our body, it will produce a feeling of *oppression*; if it be *less dense*, the air in our body will produce a feeling of *distension*.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

Agricultural.

SALTED STRAW.—There is one fact, which has recently come to my knowledge in connection with this subject, which may be given to the farming public with some prospect of benefit; as many may use it so as to save hay when it is scarce. A neighbor of mine had some wheat which he was obliged to get in, soon after being cut, and while the straw was rather green, to prevent injury from a threatening rain-storm. In order to prevent the mow from heating, moulding or otherwise taking harm, he sprinkled on the several loads salt in very liberal quantities. After this mow was threshed, and the straw stack made accessible to the stock on the farm, it was noticed that the animals were almost constantly picking at it, and that it disappeared quite rapidly. The straw was also eaten up cleaner than usual. This was all owing, doubtless, as it was ascribed, to the salt having made the straw more palatable. At all events, the fact furnishes a hint worth dollars—worth more than the subscription price of either or both of your papers—to many, who may have occasion to try it, and find as our neighbor did, that "never was straw eat up so slick."—*Country Gentleman.*

FRAUD IN FRUIT TREES.—The Worcester (Mass.) Spy states that during the past two seasons, various counties have been visited by pretended travelling agents of large and well-known nurseries. Those who have been inveigled into purchasing fruit trees of them, have almost invariably been disappointed in their trees, some to such an extent as to refuse to set them out. These trees are said to be manufactured in an obscure part of the State of New York, by the process of root-grafting, which is done by taking the roots of old trees in the winter, and cutting them up into small pieces—into each of which is grafted a scion. These are planted in the spring, and grow vigorously for three or four years, but soon come to a stand, assuming the appearance and decrepitude of old trees. Many kinds, naturally good bearers, when propagated in this way, will hardly bear at all.

The raising and importation of fruit trees has, within a few years past, become an important branch of trade. No business is more open to fraud, and in few is more deception practised. A horticulturist should never buy trees of strolling, irresponsible dealers.

HOW TO REAR PIGS.—MR. EDITOR:—I have a fine Suffolk sow, which lately had a litter of pigs; in the course of forty-eight hours after the pigs were born, she killed six of them, by overlaying and smothering them. I was relating and lamenting the loss, in the presence of an Irish girl that lives in my family, and she immediately said, if they had been in her country, all would have been saved. I said, Mary, how do they manage pigs in your country? "Dear a me!" she replied, "we put them all in a box, so the mother can't hurt them." "Well, how do they feed them?" I inquired. "Oh, bless my soul," said she, "we put them with the mother several times during the day, until they are a week old, and then they can take care of themselves."

The thought occurred to me, that possibly some others besides myself, might be ignorant of the Irish science of rearing pigs, and if you think proper, you can publish the method for the benefit of the community, until we get something better from Congress, or the Colleges.—*S. D. Walbridge, in Country Gentleman.*

FEEDING COWS.—The following experiments in feeding were made by Mr. Thompson, a German farmer, with two cows. The whole time occupied was three and a half months, and measures and weights were taken for five days' product, five days after a change of food. It will be seen that he used six different articles of food, with the following result:

PRODUCE FOR FIVE DAYS.

Fed on	*Milk*	*Butter*
Grass,	115 lbs	3 lbs. 5 oz.
Barley,	107 lbs	3 lbs. 7 oz.
Malt,	102 lbs	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Barley and Malt,	109 lbs	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Barley and Linseed,	108 lbs	3 lbs. 4 oz.
Beans,	108 lbs	3 lbs. 7 oz.

The amount of each kind of food was equal in pounds. It will be seen that the grass produced the largest quantity of milk, but the beans surpassed in the amount of butter produced.—*Agriculturist.*

DISTILLERIES UNPROFITABLE FOR FARMERS.—The Ohio Cultivator, in allusion to the common plea that distilleries afford a market for corn and keep up the price, states in substance that Ohio pork would command two or three dollars more per barrel in some of the Eastern markets, if purchasers could be assured that none of it was *still-fed*—and that, generally, the farmers of Ohio lose at least *one dollar* per barrel on all the pork sold, from this cause, amounting to at least *half a million of dollars* for the State. Also, that the value of *lands* would be greatly enhanced in some neighborhoods, if these nuisances could be removed; and that such is their blighting influence on the community around them, that intelligent persons avoid purchasing farms in their vicinity. It is likewise stated that there are many townships in Ohio where the lands are depreciated full 25 per cent. from this cause.

SOWING OATS AMONG CORN FOR CUT-WORMS.—I have seen it stated in Agricultural papers, perhaps more than once, that sowing oats on sod ground, just before planting it in corn, would prevent the worms from cutting it, as they would feed on the oats, leaving the corn unmolested. Last Spring I tried the experiment, and the result was, that the corn was nearly all eat up, and the oats left, seemingly, hardly cut at all. The truth is, the troublesome gentlemen prefer corn to anything else, and will have it when they can find it. I also found it quite difficult to eradicate the oats from among the little corn which was left.—*R. T. Reed, in Indiana Farmer.*

HUSKING CORN.—From G. F. N., *Randolph, Vermont.* "Take a stick about the size and length of a common rake tooth, pointed at one end, and held across the right hand by a string passing around the middle finger and tied to the stick. By this pointed end coming in contact with the thumb (being ½ an inch above the forefinger) the toughest husks may be split, thus entirely saving the *wear and tear* of the fingers and finger-nails in separating them. Try it once! you can make one in five minutes.—*New England Farmer.*

SCORIA IRON.—Scoria or blacksmiths cinders have been used around pear trees with marked success. Probably, the effect of hanging old horse-shoes upon the limbs of these trees, from the notion of its good effects, has really been to the gradual mingling of the oxide of iron with the soil at the roots.

The Olio.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.—When Dante published his "Inferno," the simplicity of the age accepted it as a true narrative of his descent into hell.

When the Utopia of Sir Thomas More was first published, the learned Budæus and others took it for a genuine history, and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither to teach so wise a nation Christianity.

It was long after publication that many readers were convinced that Gulliver's travels were fictions.

In the Hermippus Redivivus of Dr. Campbell, a curious banter on Hermetic philosophy and the universal medicine, deceived, for a length of time, the most learned of that day. His notion of the art of prolonging life, by inhaling the breath of young women, was eagerly credited. A physician, who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a female boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies.

In a catalogue compiled by a French writer of Works on Natural History, he has inserted the well-known essay on Irish Bulls by the Edgeworths.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—The following is said to be found in an ancient history of Connecticut:—"Soon after the settlement of the town of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement. But the premises were in the peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of deposing and expelling them. To test the case, a church meeting was called, and the matter was determined by solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes, the first was the following: '*Voted*, that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' This passed in the affirmative, and '*Voted*, that the earth is given to the saints.' This was also determined like the former,—*nem. con.* Thirdly, '*Voted*, that we are the saints,' which passing without a single dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were very soon compelled to evacuate the place, and relinquish the possession to the *rightful owners.*"

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

A LEGEND OF LADY LEE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From "Autumn Leaves," published for the Ladies' Fair in Cambridge, by John Bartlett.

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead;
But their dust is as white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?
Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
No color shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have asked;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter? And do you think to look
On the terrible pages of that book,
To find her failings, faults, and errors?
Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own short-comings and despairs,
In your own secret sins and terrors!

BEARDS.—An article on beards, in the Home Journal, says: "It does not seem to be generally understood, that the black beard is the least credible, in the story it tells of parentage and nourishment. In the countries where beards have been enough worn to be philosophically studied, the blackest beard is known as the coarsest, and indicates a blood impoverished by the hard labor and scanty food of those through whom it descended. 'Gentle blood,' it is thought, gives an auburn but not black beard to those of dark complexion, and a sunny-tinted or golden, but not darkened or lustreless and sandy beard, to those who are blonde. The Greeks gave a golden beard to their gods. In Italy, at the present day, the blonde beard, yellow or golden, is cecially admired, and thought to be the only color of such, as are silky and caressable in their texture."

PRETTY AND GRACEFUL.—It is now-a-days a very common affair to see two *ladies* (!) enter a railroad car half an hour before the time for the leaving of the train, throw the back of one seat over so as to sit vis-a-vis, lumber the spare room with shawls, bundles and band-boxes—and then when the cars begin to be filled up, take every precaution to prevent any one from occupying either of what should be vacant seats, and in many instances compelling passengers to stand, when a spirit of accommodation would allow them a comfortable position. Such persons should be informed by the conductor, that when they buy a ticket, the purchase of the car is not included.

FRENCH PASSION FOR ALMANACS.—September was a busy month with the publishing trade of France, because it was "almanac month." In no country in the world are so many almanacs published; and in none is such an immense number sold as in France. Everybody there, in fact, has his almanac; and it is the only thing in the shape of a book which the peasants (the French peasantry are about 30,000,000 in number) purchase from year to year. French ladies usually have an almanac of the festivals and fasts of the church in their card souvenirs, and the men in France generally have a small almanac about their persons.

For Housekeepers.

SALT YOUR CABBAGE.—We printed some time ago, this recommendation, and do so again, that it may not be forgotten that, in boiling a cabbage whole, if some common salt be put into the water, when washing cabbages or greens preparatory to cooking them, the snails, bugs, &c., will come out and sink into the bottom, so that they need not be boiled with the vegetables. It is impossible to wash them out with water alone, except the cabbage be taken to pieces.

FOR THE BITE OF A RATTLE SNAKE.—Take the leaves of common Hoarhound, if dry; steep in milk and water, otherwise pound it and get the juice. Give a table-spoonful every half hour for three hours, or until the swelling subsides; after that take it once a day for several days, taking care not to drink freely of water for several days. It is a certain remedy for man or beast. It grows wild in the West.

FOR CABBAGE AND BEET PICKLE.—Take the cabbage, two parts chopped fine, one part boiled beets chopped. Mix well with the hand. To three gallons of the mixture add a half a teacupful of salt; do. of red pepper; do. of black pepper; mix well; pack in a jar, and cover with vinegar. It is good soon as prepared, but better in two or three days; and will keep a long time in a cool place. It is extensively used in the West.

FOR CUSTARD PIE WITHOUT A CRUST.—Take three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of flour, two do. of sugar, nutmeg; beat well, oil a long tin, stir well and pour it in, bake the bottom well. It will form a nice crust.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 10, 11, 6, 8, is a country of Europe.

My 11, [illegible] is what we all require.

My 10, 14, [illegible] is an article that is used to a great extent.

My 18, 14, 11, 16, [illegible] is an excellent fruit.

My 16, [illegible] is an animal.

My [illegible] is a character that is generally shunned.

My [illegible] is a metal.

My [illegible] is an essential food.

My [illegible] is a useful metal.

My [illegible] is a country of South America.

My [illegible] is one of the principal rivers in Europe.

My [illegible] is a range of mountains in Europe.

My [illegible] was a Governor of Massachusetts.

My [illegible] is the capital of one of the States.

My [illegible] was one among the best of Roman Emperors.

My [illegible] was a celebrated Anglo-Saxon military chieftain.

My whole is a great boasting.   J. WALKER.

Union, N. C.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My [illegible] is what most young ladies desire to be.

My [illegible] is one step towards the philosopher's stone (or contentment.)

My [illegible] is an officer among the Turks.

My [illegible] is the national drink of the English.

My [illegible] is a city on the coast of Africa.

My [illegible] was a celebrated Latin writer.

My [illegible] is a girl's name.

My [illegible] is the chief town in the Isle of Man.

My [illegible] was an ancient Queen of Thessaly.

My [illegible] are frequently hard to find.

My [illegible] is a river rising in Thrace.

My [illegible] is most beautiful in nature's most [illegible]

My [illegible] is a measure of length.

My [illegible] was the discoverer of [illegible]

My [illegible] is a science of divine derivation.

My [illegible] is one of the metals.

My [illegible] is a country of Greece.

My [illegible] was one of the chief deities of the Egyptians.

My [illegible] is a paper of wide circulation.

My [illegible] is a celebrated mountain.

My [illegible] is a Latin adjective.

My [illegible] is most by all nations [illegible] of the world.

My whole is the answer to the Conundrum [illegible] sent for the Saturday Evening Post, [illegible] in Philadelphia.   J. P.

Marshall, Texas.

RIDDLE.

I am born of a moment, as every one knows;
And tired the tints of the loveliest rose;
There are some who think me the offspring of shame,
But I'm oftener found in sweet modesty's train.
E'en poets have made me the theme of their muse,
And painters have studied my delicate hues;
Yet, would you believe it? I cause much vexation
To those who possess me, and some irritation!
For I've often betrayed what they would have concealed,
And some of their most cherished secrets revealed.
So be truthful, dear girls, or in spite of your [illegible]
I'll fly to your faces and tell the whole tale.   S. S.

PROBLEM.

How much water can be put into a conical vessel [illegible] deep, which has been previously filled with cannon balls of the same size, [illegible] 6 inches in diameter, [illegible] arranged in tiers, one directly above another?

Vermont.   C.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the weather favorable to hay-makers? Ans.—When it rains pitch-forks.

☞ Why should young ladies not get thirsty at [illegible]? Ans.—Because they are directly over pumps.

☞ Why is a piece of land bought and not paid for like a particular kind of poetry? Ans.—It is Anacre-on-tick.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
John Samuel Gambrel Smith.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
The Copper Regions of Lake Superior.

CHARADE.—Bride-Groom.

PROBLEM.—2 o'clock and 30 minutes.